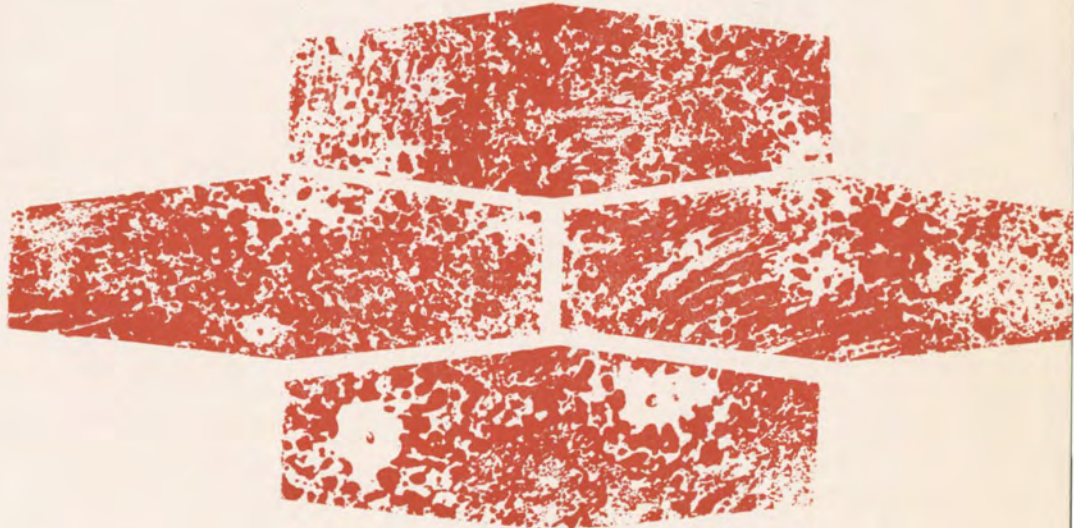


MOTIVE



April 1953

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C O N T E N T S

Volume XIII, No. 7

April, 1953

Courage	Howard Thurman	1
The Devil Walks the Campus	Kenneth Irving Brown	2
Pentecost and the Ecumenical Movement	Oscar J. F. Seitz	5
The Biblical View of the Kingdom	David G. Bradley	8
Meeting in Hell	Ed Spann	10
"Hide Us from the Wrath of the Lamb"	John J. Vincent	11
Confidential Advice to Degree Candidates	Herbert Gambrell	13
The Bogeyman	Kermit Eby	14
Church Architecture: Traditional or Modern? (A Symposium) 16		
A Revolutionary Approach		18
In Defense of Traditional		20
And Now Comes the Devil's Last Trick	Allan A. Hunter	23
Prison: Postgraduate Study in British Jails	Robert Hamill	24
Engagement Doldrums	Ethel M. Nash	28
The Living Bible: God Speaking through the Bible		
	Henry Koestline	30
Books (devotional): <i>Christian Perfection</i>		
	edited by Thomas S. Kepler	31
Books: The American Intellectual	Roger Ortmyer	32
The Current Scene		33
Editorial		Back Cover

Cover artist is Doug Pickering, Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennsylvania. The cover is suggestive of college life—bricks, mortar, and the gathering of minds.

COURAGE



GIVE ME COURAGE TO LIVE—THIS DAY!

I seek courage to live. It is not difficult to keep going—to keep the flame of life burning—"as if to breathe were life."

The daily round may very easily be merely, the daily round.

The common chores persist, going to bed and getting up, eating and making provisions for subsequent meals, talking day by day the same talk, using the same set of well-worn concepts, clichés and tired words. In one sense, it is good that this is so. For it means that the mechanics of living can be learned by heart and forgotten so that the resources of the personality may be put completely at the disposal of the new way, the fresh goal, the expanding horizon.

I seek courage to live.

I seek courage to live—this day.

How easily I slip into the mood that is desultory, that quietly informs my mind that tomorrow I can begin the new way, tomorrow I can make the fresh turning in the road. Courage to strike out on a path I have never trod before, courage to make new friends, courage to yield myself to the full of the insistent dream, courage to yield my life with abiding enthusiasm to the spirit of God and the wide reaches of his creative undertakings among the children of men—

This I seek today.

GIVE ME COURAGE TO LIVE—THIS DAY!

—Howard Thurman,
Fellowship Church,
San Francisco



The Devil

By Kenneth Irving Brown

Director, The Danforth Foundation

THE extremes of high and low loyalties, of devoted commitment and careless indifference, are to be found on every campus. The devil's dealings with the student world and his distribution of spiritual dangers to press upon the campus dwellers do not differ widely whether that institution be East or West, church supported or independent. Indeed, one might venture a guess that in a large measure, the young American who does not go to college is struggling with the same devilish temptations—struggling, if there be combativeness in him, with closely similar situations.

Consider some of devil's activities on college campuses—endeavors cloaked in popularity and even sometimes the garb of righteousness.

There is for both the denizens of the college and the noncollege world the pressure of immediacy exaggerated in our times by international events. It is the devil's choice temptation to believe that there will be no tomorrow. Contemporary life, with its calls to military service, its war temperatures, for there can be fever in a cold as well as a hot war, its world entanglements has done much to increase the exasperating uncertainty with which young America is at pres-

ent forced to live. The teacher and the administrator are fully aware of the intellectual climate and emotional turmoil which this pressure of immediacy has brought. They will urge, as indeed they must, that life's decisions be made irrespective of the delayed career or the broken plans which many a young American man—and in consequence, many a young American woman—faces. Yet in their hearts, they know how difficult it is to accept the wise advice they offer. The situation itself demands of the student a maturity greater than his physical age. The wise will reach for it and grasp it, but the young person still dewy from adolescence, who sees adulthood as an unattractive encumbrance of age and responsibility, may fall the easy victim to this temptation. The Christian student depending on the solidarity of his faith, which should teach him to live gracefully and wisely within uncertainty, will surmount or succumb to the heresy that the sun may not rise tomorrow. In any case, he cannot hold himself entirely aloof from it.

GROWING out of that pressure of immediacy is an apparently increasing absorption in the trivia of college

motive

"Contemporary life . . . has done much to increase the exasperating uncertainty with which young America is at present forced to live."

Walks the Campus

life—a temptation which the devil via Hollywood and comic books and TV has done much to encourage. The evil of trivia is the time-consuming lack of importance: sheer wastage of time, the excessive hours spent in planning social affairs, the extravagances (financial and otherwise) of certain aspects of fraternity and sorority life, the multiplication of inconsequential activities, the insignificances of certain features of the campus religious endeavors. It would, of course, be unrealistic and nonsensical to bar trivia from normal life. Trivia have their place, but they do not deserve to be crowned king.

The mood of many a campus is reflected in the lines of Edith Lovejoy Pierce:

Starch and hang your curtains,
Polish up the tray;
Put on a little make-up:
Here comes the Judgment Day.

The college student might, however, be snared into revealing his ignorance by his question, "What do you mean, Judgment Day?"

The temptation to college trivia is by no means, however, a particularly modern invention. American students have cherished it far above their European cousins, and the American public has abetted them in their delusion of prolonged adolescence. The struggle of the colleges to be looked upon as institutions of learning, as places where young America can learn the art and the heritage, the work and the

joys of adulthood, has been an uphill battle, and that it has been in some appreciable measure won is a tribute to the integrity of the colleges and their leadership.

It was, I believe, the experience of most campuses that the invasion of the veterans which came in 1945 and 1946 was a boon, not only financially but intellectually, to the college. Here were men and women in contrast to boys and girls. Here were new students who were eager to get into the job of their life. Many of them had traveled far more widely than their instructors, and many of them had had experiences with foreign peoples and with the tangles of human relations that could add much to class discussions. The eighteen-year-olds coming during that last half of the decade of the 40's, fresh from high school and for the most part without immediate call for military service, found themselves drawn out of their earlier misconceptions of college as a place where you raised hell and gave time to study only if there was nothing better to do. The sheer daily example of these battle-ribboned colleagues (although the ribbons were never in evidence) had its effect.

It is perfectly true that G.I. turned College Joe brought to the campus his own particular army and navy variety of worldliness and it may be doubted if the college campus will ever be quite the same again. Nevertheless, his contribution in building an atmosphere of seriousness and

academic application will, it is to be hoped, likewise have also some degree of permanency.

The Christian student facing this tempting absorption in the trivia of college life will put the temptation down not with long face and pious words, but with an anticipation of the joy of achievement which can come with more mature occupations.

GROWING out of the pressure of immediacy and yet long antedating it—cousin, also, to the absorption in the trivia of college life—is the campus tendency to entertain a distaste for the intellectual: this is one the devil delights in. The average student like the average adult is tempted to avoid the struggle of minds, to escape when possible the mental effort of coming to grips with the great problems of our day. The temptation is by no means confined to campus life; every American community and every American institution know it or its counterpart.

One can learn much about a campus by a careful judgment of the average student response to the local chapter of Phi Beta Kappa. The sophomoric assumption "I too could have, but it wasn't worth the effort," tells much about the speaker, and the repeated effort to explain away the success of membership by generalizations of dishonesty, or warped and inhuman absorption in the textbook, or apple polishing under any of its

pseudonyms will speak its own truth about the campus' lack of interest in hard intellectual struggle.

On the college campus one finds this revolt against brains particularly in the idea that the intellectual is but one aspect of the many developments which the four campus years should bring. There is, of course, a core of truth in the statement, but so often the student enamored of this idea, either because of intellectual laziness or because of mediocre ability, rationalizes until he has put the intellectual at the very bottom of his list of possible sources of new maturity, and in consequence, it is the most neglected of the lot.

Physically, college may be for him a growing experience; socially, it may bring new competence; vocationally, he may have a clearer idea of his direction; spiritually there may be fresh, cleansing understanding; but unless something has happened to his mental equipment, unless there has come an eager desire to grapple with hard ideas, to seek truth through a morass of half-truths, unless he can achieve a larger ability to think clearly and logically and to know fact from fiction, he may have done those things which he ought to have done, but he has left undone that thing most essential to the success of the college experience.

The Christian student, strong in his idealism, may be a particular victim of this more devilishly subtle temptation, feeling he should substitute community service for classroom success, or church activity for hours over the textbook. If he can realize that his own strength in the future lies in his intellectual progress during college years, he may be wise enough to put first things first and build for a strong future.

THERE is a fourth moral hazard common to campuses and college students: the danger of an easy self-complacency. It can be the devil's own smugness that grows out of his sense of superiority. This temptation will differ from campus to campus and also from student generation to student generation, depending in part upon the heterogeneity of the student

body, and the seriousness of purpose and the "sense of mission"—horrible phrase—that the majority of the students hold. Yet, "we are the world's elite" is too often the frame of mind in which one finds the young, half-educated American.

It is this attitude of which industrial leaders have been most critical. Their criticism together with the increased competition of college-trained men for posts in the world of industry has frequently brought a more humble spirit as the young man faced his future and put his foot on the first rung of the work ladder.

It is inexperience linked with this sense of superiority which has caused many a student to reach for a freedom beyond that which community living enjoins. For example, the college student—and his parents, too—expects the college dean to make certain that in any conflict with the civil authorities he, the student, is given special protection.

The Christian student with all of his proneness to this hazard will guard himself, recognizing that advantages bring their own responsibilities and that experiences which raise him above the level of American young people need continuous translating into obligations, the better and more wisely to serve.

THERE is a fifth danger which, I am persuaded, any close observer of American college life for the last twenty years will recognize: the growing tendency to vulgarity and bad taste. Here the devil plays an open hand. It too springs out of inexperience—College Joe's inexperience not the devil's. It is, moreover, a reflection of the larger American vulgarity and bad taste which appear to have increased in the interim between the wars and the more recent years.

Submerged in American campus life, one very often can rest quite unaware of this, but traveling in foreign lands one is immediately confronted with the judgment of sane, cultured Europeans and Asians who fear the contagion of American vulgarity. They see it in many of our imported movies, they find it in many of our

American jokes, particularly the double-entendre. They are troubled by many of our most popular comedians whose humor they cannot always understand and they find it, alas, in the conduct of many Americans whose pocketbooks make travel a possibility.

To point out the commonness of this national characteristic of vulgarity is not to exonerate the college. It does, however, bring into perspective the necessary struggle of the college to do more than reflect American public opinion—in fact to lead it. The college must be more than a mirror for American social life; it is its obligation to give direction. Meanwhile, the ambitious student editor sees as his goal the out-esquiring of *Esquire* and the sorority president, captured by the idea of freedom, opens the doors into experience both for herself and her sisters which the thoughtful, mature American will count as bad taste or something more objectionable.

The devil on the campus is a genius at masquerade. One may devoutly wish he would cling to just one disguise: the bartender's apron or the wanton's paint. As such he might be resisted. It is in his doubling for the companionable student or the irresistible date that he makes his greatest conquests; or sometimes as the misunderstanding parent or the misguided teacher, who by preachment or exaggerated counsel is responsible for the course he warns against.

The devil is an old hand at salesmanship, whereas the student has had only a mere couple of decades to develop his sales resistance. But one cannot forbear chuckling at the number of Sadie Sues and College Joes who see through him and his pretenses and give him a taste of his own devilry.

It is for the student who sees the devil's evil and seeing buys, that the observer weeps. There are, however, tears in both eyes for the student who buys the devil's offering and calls the evil good.

—This essay is a section from a forthcoming book on Christian education by Dr. Brown, to be published by Harper & Bros.

PENTECOST

AND THE ECUMENICAL MOVEMENT

By Oscar J. F. Seitz, Bedell Associate Professor
of New Testament
Divinity School, Kenyon College (Ohio)

"The ecumenical movement is not some man-made scheme for promoting greater efficiency by replacing many small competing churches with one big monopolistic church. It is a fresh movement. . . ."

THE full significance of Pentecost is comprehended not simply in a single datable event in past history, but in a continuing experience in the life of the universal Church. What the Book of Acts describes is the first steps taken by the infant Church as it accepted from God the vocation which its mother, the ancient congregation of Israel, had failed to fulfill. That vocation was to bear the light of God's revelation to the whole inhabited world, which in the Greek speech of that day was referred to as *oikoumene*. Thus the ecumenical movement of the Church began when the disciples of Jesus became witnesses to him, starting at Jerusalem and going out in ever-widening circles to distant parts of the earth. It is Pentecost which gives to the Christian Church its character as a world-wide missionary society, because the divine gift conferred upon it is to be communicated and shared with all mankind.

The meaning of Pentecost was first described in the words, "They were all filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak in other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." (Acts 2:4.) That statement is filled with symbolic significance for Christians in our own day.

Before men can speak with other tongues their speech must issue from changed hearts and minds. They have to acquire not only a new vocabulary, but a different way of thinking, about themselves and others, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. How transforming the gift of the Spirit is can be realized if we remember that the little company of men and women gathered in the upper room at Jerusalem had within them potentialities for disunity, such as threaten to divide the Church whenever men are tempted to boast, "I belong to Paul," or "I, to Apollos," or "I, to Cephas." Here were gathered those, who even at the Last Supper had disputed which of them

should be regarded the greatest, now humbly acknowledging their common dependence upon power from on high. Here was one who had denied, another who doubted, now made bold to bear witness to Christ before a hostile and unbelieving world. Here, too, were the sons of thunder, who had once been ready to call down destructive fire on the heads of inhospitable foreigners, now themselves kindled with the flame of divine love. Of such human materials the Apostolic Church was built as the Holy Spirit gave them all the same mind, which is the mind of Christ.

THE problem of Christian unity had to be faced and solved in the earliest period of the Church's life and growth, as people of divergent origins and backgrounds were brought into its membership. The old distinctions based on race or economic status, by which the world is accustomed to classify and segregate men from one another, could have no validity for those who are in Christ. Instead, there existed a new fellowship, rooted and grounded in love, one in which many members are held together, not by authoritarian control or coercive force, but by profound inner bonds of relationship for which the nearest analogy is a living organism.

It was of such unity in diversity that the Apostle Paul wrote, "By one Spirit we were all baptized into one body—Jews or Greeks, slaves or free." (1 Cor. 12:13.) The New Testament testifies that wherever the Spirit of Christ is truly received and followed

there is true unity and true liberty, for as many as are led by his spirit become children of God who learn not only to call one another brothers, but to live the life of sonship and brotherhood.

GIVEN that experience, the problem arises how to communicate it to others. What words are adequate to express it? Christianity was born at a time when communication between the heterogeneous nations of the Mediterranean basin was greatly facilitated by the wide diffusion of a common language, Greek. It was in that language that all the writings of the New Testament were written even though their readers were as widely separated as Asia Minor in the East and Rome in the West. Thus it was unnecessary for the Apostles to master a dozen different dialects in order that men might hear in their own tongues the mighty works of God. Yet in a very real sense, just as ordinary men and women were inwardly transformed by the Spirit, they in turn had to transform ordinary speech into an instrument fit to declare what the Spirit says to the Church and through it to the world. In this sense it is always necessary for Christians to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gives them utterance.

The fact of Christian unity in diversity, as well as the problem of language and communication, can be graphically illustrated in our day. All Christians read the same Bible, though in many different versions. It is astonishing to realize that the Holy Scriptures, originally written in two basic tongues, Hebrew and Greek, are now available in about twelve hundred different languages or dialects.

Similarly, all Christians address the one God and Father of us all in the Lord's Prayer, though here again the exact wording may differ. Imagine then a congregation made up of twelve hundred persons, one representative from each of the language groups who actually utter this prayer every day somewhere in the world. Now imagine the members of this great body of worshippers, each in turn saying the Lord's Prayer in his

own tongue. That offering of prayer would continue for approximately ten hours.

THE central fact of the Gospel which the Church has to proclaim to the world is the good news of all that Jesus began to do and teach. At the crux of it all is the cross. We shall concern ourselves here with only one of the many ways in which the New Testament interprets the meaning of our Lord's death, namely, that God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself. In the passages where this faith is most clearly stated the whole emphasis falls on the love which motivates this divine action. "The love of Christ controls us, because we are convinced that one has died for all. . . . God shows his love for us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." (2 Cor. 5:14; Rom. 5:8.) That is the Gospel.

Yet the ordinary Greek noun for "love," in spite of philosophical attempts to give it nobler meaning, carried with it pagan associations and sensual connotations which disqualified it from Christian use. In order to speak of the self-giving love which Christ reveals, and which is in turn the first of the Spirit in the life of the believer, it was necessary to use an entirely different word, the noun *agape*, which appears in the Greek translation of the Old Testament but practically never in any pagan writing. Yet as the New Testament itself suggests, the full depth of love like that of God can never be explained by talking about it, but only by living demonstrations of what is meant. "Let us not love in word or speech but in deed and in truth." (1 John 3:18.)

It is the same with many other words which the early Christian community infused with special significance through the leading of the Spirit. For example, in ordinary speech the term *koinonia* might mean simply "partnership," the situation which exists when two or more persons hold common property or engage in some joint venture. In the New Testament the meaning of this word is stretched to include everything which Christians have in common: the "fellow-

ship" of the Spirit (Phil. 2:1), "communion" or participation in the body of Christ (1 Cor. 10:16), the "sharing" of his sufferings (Phil. 3:10), or a "contribution" for the poor among the brotherhood (Rom. 15:26; 2 Cor. 8:4). Here again the reality which was meant was not merely described in words, but demonstrated in action. To have fellowship with God in Christ is to have fellowship with one another.

TODAY, as at the beginning, we face the difficulty of communicating Christian faith and experience in a world divided by conflicting ideologies whose propagandists often use the same words with almost contradictory meanings. The problem, now as then, is not simply one of correct vocabulary but of giving effective evidence of what we are talking about. Our witness to Christ must be given not only in word and speech but in deed and in truth. Yet how can a disunited Church testify to the truth that Christ, who reconciles to God in one body, has broken down the dividing wall of hostility, so making peace? How can the Church as we know it exercise its one essential ministry of reconciliation, a ministry which is the instrument for the healing of divisions? How can any theory or form of ministry which becomes the cause of disunity among Christians fulfill its true purpose? Or how we assert for our particular type of ministry exclusive claims which tend to unchurch brethren endowed with the same Spirit, or say of other varieties of ministry, "I have no need of you"? Should we not rather rejoice that there are diversities of gifts, because the same God inspires them all? The one Lord who has entrusted to the Church the message of reconciliation for the world appeals to us all, "First be reconciled. . . ."

The whole Church, every living branch of it, is called by God to accept from him pardon and peace, the healing of our divisions and the renewal of our unity. The ecumenical movement is not some man-made scheme for promoting greater economic efficiency by replacing many

small competing churches with one big monopolistic church. It is a fresh movement of the Spirit in the churches which confess Christ as Lord. It is he who draws us together by drawing all to himself. It is he who forbids us to say, "I am not of the body," or to remain indifferent when other members of that body suffer. It is he who apportions his gifts to each as he wills, who forbids us to boast as if that which we have received were not a gift, and holds each accountable to use that gift for the common good. It is he alone who is the head of the Church, which must be the instrument of his will and not of ours.

During the first fifty years of this twentieth century the Christian Church has been reawakened to its ecumenical character and task, especially through the organization of such movements as the International Missionary Council, the Universal Christian Council for Life and Work, and the two World Conferences on Faith and Order. It was at the second of these last-named conferences, held at Edinburgh in 1937, that Archbishop Temple made this notable statement: "Let us never forget that, though the

THE GOOD NEWS OF THE REIGN OF GOD

HIS PASSION IS HIS ACTION

The secret agent was betrayed;
He was arrested in a field;
He tried
To not let third degree degrade
The men that hid
Beyond the light in artificial shade,
That shield
From his sharp gaze
Of love-without-disguise
That could have healed,
That failed,
That from his eyes

Pierced batteries that blaze
With hate.

The darkness is no shield
Against the light.

They find too late
That they have held,
That they have treed,
Untried,
A sacred man
They would have freed . . .
Had they been unafraid.

OUR SERVANT IS OUR SAVIOUR

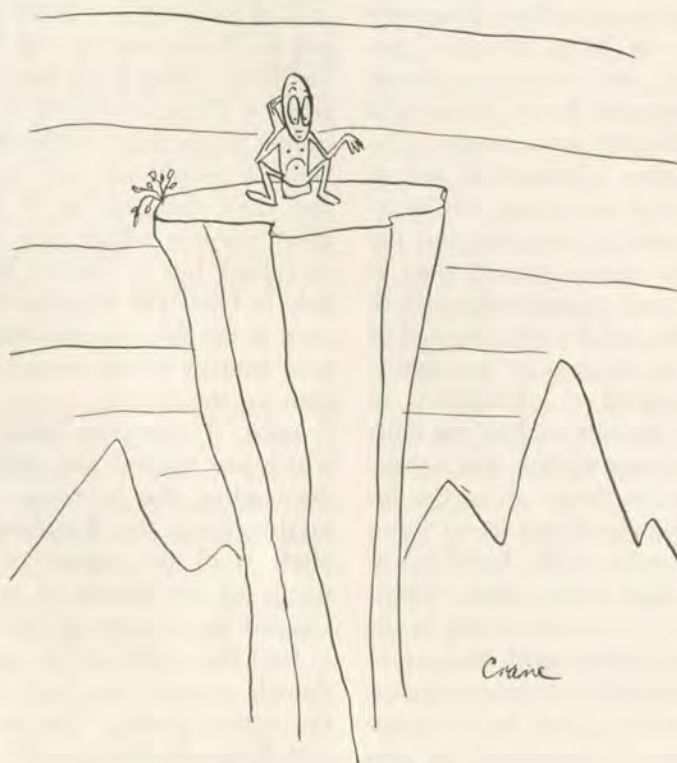
—TONY STONEBURNER

purpose of our meeting is to consider the causes of our divisions, yet what makes possible our meeting is our unity. We could not seek unity if we did not already possess unity. Those who have nothing in common do not deplore their estrangement. It is because we are one in allegiance to one Lord that we seek and hope for the way of manifesting that unity in our witness to him before the world."

Those who have returned from the great ecumenical conferences which

lead up to the formation of the World Council of Churches bear witness to the oneness which already exists among Christians of various communions. They tell us that as they shared together in study and common prayer the deepest concerns and responsibilities laid on the Church in our day they experienced the power of the Holy Spirit to create unity in diversity. Similar testimony is being borne again and again on a wide scale as members of different branches of Christendom learn to cooperate in common tasks. Those of us who are engaged in theological education can testify that many of the young men now preparing for the Christian ministry are approaching their work earnestly committed to the furtherance of unity among the churches they are called to serve.

All these are but means toward a still greater end. Christian people of every name need to recognize one another as fellow members of the one body of Christ. We need a fuller understanding and appreciation of the beliefs and practices of our brethren of other communions. More than that, we need to enter with them into common ventures of study and worship, and thus inspired go on in practical cooperation in witness and service to our one Lord. It is in this way that Pentecost and the ecumenical movement of the Church can become personal and vital for all Christian people today.



"And yesterday I was so sure"

The

Biblical

View of the Kingdom

By David G. Bradley
Department of Religion
Duke University

NO ONE knows the future. The only ones who might be able to tell us something about life after death are the dead—and dead men tell no tales. In spite of the popularity of such a program as Drew Pearson's "Predictions of Things to Come," political, social and economic events cannot clearly and finally be foretold even for the next few months. The ultimate destiny of mankind and of our world, like our actual origins in the far-off event of creation and the details of the ages of passing time, is beyond our real understanding. Both the beginning and the ultimate end of our world are subjects of speculation and are involved in affirmations of faith, but in the last analysis we must confess ignorance of their true nature.

Yet what one thinks about the future is highly significant as an index of his philosophy of life. Buddhism is a religion which takes a dim view of ascribing any positive meaning to the future of life in this world. This world of existence is evil, involves suffering, and the greatest good is to escape from existence by quenching the fires of passion and self.

The Marxist is held to his purpose of working for a classless society because of certain dogmas concerning the future, which to him will necessarily and irresistibly lead to a classless society. For you who read this, to spend four years in college, to contract to buy a house, even to get married are all actions which are based upon a positive view of the immediate future.

The biblical view of the Kingdom of God concerns first of all the future and God's purpose for that future. In the Bible, history has a purpose. God's creation of the world and of man, his calling of Abraham and leading of the Hebrew people, his rule over nations and their destinies, all is part of a great purpose which may dimly be perceived but is known completely only to God. The Kingdom of God is used in the Bible to symbolize and to give content to the nature of God's plan for the future.

Since it concerns God's actions which are beyond our complete understanding the language employed in describing the Kingdom of God often is of the nature of religious myth. In the stories of creation in Genesis the Hebrew by faith ascribes to God the origins of the world, even though no man was there to record the actual events. That is, starting with the conviction that God is creator and in that context accounting for the

fact of our existence in a real world, the Hebrew simply affirms that "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

We call this the language of myth because its subject matter is that of the Greek *mythos*—having to do with the actions of a god—and also because it is an expression of faith concerning something which is really beyond our actual verifiable experience. In other words, for both the origin and final end of God's creation we cannot "unscrew the inscrutable," we can use only symbolic language to affirm our faith in the reality and goodness of God who has created the world for a purpose.

The Kingdom of God as an expression of man's faith in God's purpose for his people runs as a theme all through the Bible. The preaching of the eighth-century prophets, the magnificent poetry of Second Isaiah, the messianic hope of the impoverished community of postexilic Judaism all reflect the conviction that God has destined a glorious purpose for his creation. Jesus' mission and message also are closely linked with his proclamation of the Kingdom of God. Jesus seemed to assume that those who heard his message would understand in general what he meant by the Kingdom of God. When Jesus proclaimed the coming Kingdom of God his hearers understood him to mean that the long-awaited Day of the Lord, the time when God would vindicate and save his chosen people, was at hand. He was directly in the stream of orthodox Judaism in reaffirming the faith that God has a purpose for his people.

LET us now turn to a definition and description of the kingdom in its developed sense, especially as found in the New Testament. The Kingdom of God may be defined as that situation in which God is king—where God's rule is complete and unchallenged. A quick look at our present world is enough to convince even the most optimistic person that this is an ideal situation which is not even approximated in our present world. God is

not king and his rule is far from complete and unchallenged.

This definition of the Kingdom of God indicates that it is to be thought of, not first of all as a place, but rather as a situation, a relationship in which God's kingship is active and real. Biblical thought teaches that although God created the world and inaugurated his rule in the Garden of Eden, disobedience and rebellion broke his rule and at present his kingdom is restricted to heaven, that is, to that situation where the angels worship and serve God as king. In this world another kingdom has temporarily been established, the kingdom of Satan. Satan represents all the forms of disobedience, of man's perverse insistence upon serving other loyalties than the true God. These false loyalties are legion and are usually very appealing, for like Satan they appear to be angels of light.

This fact of the present restriction of God's rule to heaven is what is meant by the petition in the Lord's Prayer,

Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done,
On earth as it is in heaven.

Jesus is teaching us to pray that God might bring his rule to earth so that his will might be done here as it already is being done in heaven. The conviction that the coming reign of God will bring the end of the rule of Satan is shown in Jesus' statement in the Beelzebub controversy (Luke 11: 14-23), "But if it is by the finger of God that I cast out demons, then the Kingdom of God has come upon you."

Although God's rule was broken in the past and at present is restricted to heaven, biblical faith always affirms that God remains truly king and some day will bring his rule to earth and redeem his creation. This biblical view of the future, of the coming Kingdom of God, has many facets and implications. Let us explore briefly two of the most important.

First, although the Kingdom of God is fully to come only in the future it has a clear relevance for the present day. It is not simply an otherworldly

concept of "pie in the sky when you die." We are reminded constantly by Marxists, sociological and psychological relativists and others, of man's universal tendency to make of religion simply an expression of his own wishful thinking, of his daydreaming about what he would like to see his god do for him. The Baal cult of the Canaanites seems to fit this criticism of making religion a servant of licentiousness and self-esteem. But from Moses through Amos to Jesus and Paul, the Bible thunders out the teaching that God's rule always includes divine judgment, for good or ill, upon all who come under the rule of God. Said Amos:

Woe to you who desire the day of
the Lord!
Why would you have the day of
the Lord?
It is darkness, and not light.
(Amos 5:18)

The Kingdom of God always involves judgment upon man's rebellious ways, whoever he may be, and assumes therefore that man is responsible in this world for all that he says and does. The biblical view of the kingdom thus can never be equated with the idea of religion as wishful thinking.

ALTHOUGH the kingdom is present in men's lives in terms of demand and judgment the second aspect to be stressed is that it also is an expression of hope. Sin and evil in this world are part of the facts of life. But if this were all there is to be said life would make no sense—it would be a meaningless mistake as it was to Gautama the Buddha. But history does have a purpose, and since it is God's purpose it is a good one. Although sin and evil in this world are real the biblical view of the kingdom stresses that Satan's kingdom is doomed.

Here the stress must be upon the fact that just as man must serve God as king, only God can bring his kingdom, only God can assert his rule. Perhaps it is a sign of man's rebellious nature that he continually, both in biblical times and now, thinks that he

somehow can take an active hand in ushering in the kingdom.

Peter and Judas were disciples of Jesus who both probably thought him to be the Messiah, God's anointed who was to bring the kingdom. Yet both also may have conceived God's kingdom in human rather than divine terms. When Peter confesses Jesus to be the Messiah at Caesarea Philippi Jesus immediately has to rebuke him for his too human understanding of the nature of Jesus' messianic role.

If Peter, Judas and all the crowd of that day had been all that mattered, Christianity would not have a Gospel for the world today. But it was God who proved by raising Jesus from the dead that only he is Lord of history and victory over sin and death. The kingdom of Satan may appear to be in power but God has proven who will be the ultimate victor. The resurrection faith is that which gives real hope and meaning to man in this world.

This is but another way of saying that God's kingdom cannot be reduced to narrow, selfish notions of what it should be. The Kingdom of God is not to be identified with any human institution or achievement, any race, nation, economic system, or even the Church or any part of it. The Kingdom of God remains God's kingdom and is beyond our ability to conceive even in our most vivid moments of imagination. That is why the symbolic language of the book of Revelation so beautifully expresses the Christian hope and faith in the coming of God's kingdom.

Then I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away, and the sea was no more. And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband; and I heard a great voice from the throne saying, "Behold, the dwelling of God is with men. He will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself will be with them; he will wipe away every tear from their eyes, and death shall be no more, neither shall there be mourning nor crying nor pain any more, for the former things have passed away. (Revelation 21:1-4.)

Meeting in Hell

By Ed Spann, Duke University

HELL decided to have a meeting of the Board of Trustees, so Satan called together all the members of the board. Satan had been waging a constant war upon all the forces of good for a long time. But despite his best—or rather—worst efforts, the army of the Lord had moved steadily forward, daily winning victories at good ole Dook. This, thought Satan, is a Heaven of a situation. So he presented the problem to his fearsome followers.

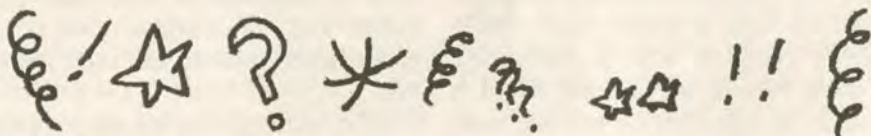
Beelzebub had an idea. "Let's send all our messengers above to shake the students' faith in the Scriptures, Church, Christ, or God. For without a rock upon which to build their lives, they will be cast loose on a sea of doubt, and be swept straight to the gates of Hell." Satan pondered this suggestion: "Sounds good, Bel, old boy, but we've tried that; it never did work too well. They're wising up to our methods. We need some new angles."

Mephistopheles stepped forward: "How about discouraging those weekly prayer cells? If we could get rid of them, we'd have six days to work without being interrupted. Make 'em think religion is just for Sunday at chapel time!" Satan frowned: "That would be nice, Mepho, but there's hardly enough people in prayer cells these days to make it worth our time."

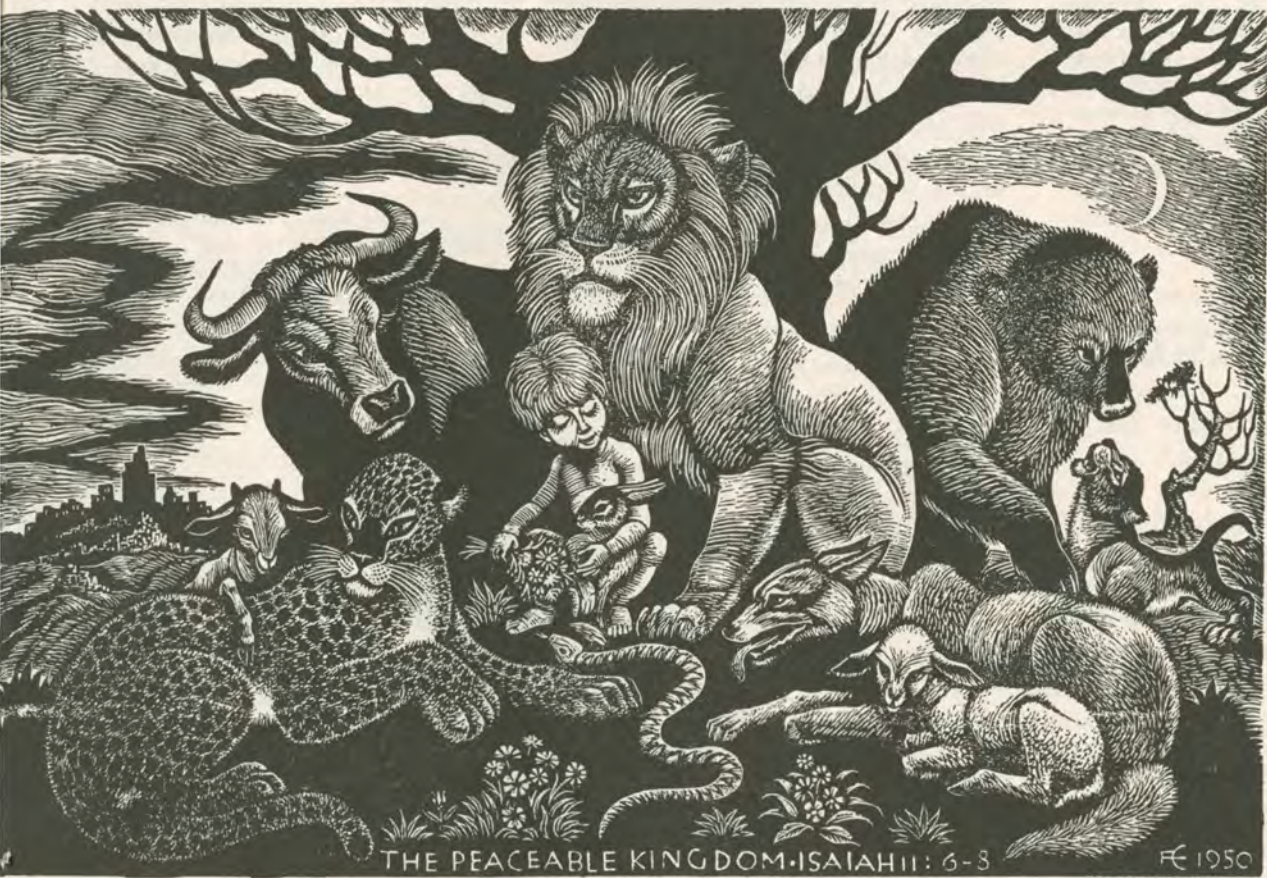
Iago volunteered: "Why not convince those young college men that if they have anything on the ball they shouldn't bother with the church; that it's only for weaklings. Thus, with the use of power and prestige on our side, we can put an end to the 'faithful few.'"

The heated discussion continued. What to do? How could theimps of Hell make their conquest of the college circles at Dook complete?

At last, from the back of the council pit, came a fiendish shriek from the devil who had been nervously fingering the Underworld Discipline: "I've got it! Let them have their Bibles, their chapels, their prayer cells, and their Sunday night meetings. We can still hit them where it hurts the most! We'll send up a demon for every student who calls himself a Christian. As soon as something goes wrong or their conscience bites because they seem to be forgetting the church, our demons will go to work. They will tell their charges that it's not their fault; the preacher is lazy, the chaplain is lousy, the officers are hypocrites, the programs are dull. Whatever may come the demon is to see that the blame is always placed on somebody or something else than the student. When all this is done, we can be sure that each little Christian student will look like the Devil and sound like Hell!"



“Hide Us from the Wrath of the Lamb”



**We are called to live a life of love
in a world of hate and leave the
“progress reports” to God.**

JOHAN J. VINCENT, a Methodist student of theology at Richmond College, Surrey, England, delivered this message at the ecumenical work camp at Bad Godesberg, Germany, last summer.)

In essence, the lamb in the Bible is the symbol of weakness, innocence, and love. The Passover sacrifice is a

lamb. Christ becomes “our Passover,” the Lamb “without spot and without blemish,” “slain for us from the foundation of the world.”

So much we can understand. But our text speaks of the *wrath* of the Lamb. What of this?

Christ is both lamb and judge. The powerless purity of his self-sacrifice is also the yardstick of judgment. And

there is nothing unnatural in this. To love as Christ loved is to judge. "And *this is* the judgment, that light has come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."

In our text, "Hide us from the wrath of the Lamb" is the plea of the unchristian world. Those who have failed to see God in love must see him in judgment. And the love of Christ is the judgment. So the Lamb is to be feared. This love is a consuming fire. It demands awe and worship. It cannot but make demands. Moffatt translates the passage,

Then the kings of the earth, and the magnates, the generals, the rich, the strong, slaves and freemen every one of them, hid in caves and among the rocks of the mountains, calling to the mountains and the rocks, Fall on us and hide us from the face of Him who is seated on the throne, and from the anger of the Lamb. For the great day of their anger has come, and who can stand it?

This is the cry of those who are "without hope and without God in the world." We may recall the solemn words of our Lord, "Every branch that my heavenly Father has not planted, shall be rooted up."

But this is surely not all. "Hide us from the wrath of the Lamb" will be the cry of us all when we see the power which there really is in the weakness of Christ. And we shall cry it all the more, we who, with booted feet and "terrible sincerity" have by the "big things" we have done, betrayed our Saviour, who was able to save others but could not save himself, who refused to defend himself, "left himself open," who "poured out his soul unto death," who "is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth."

We are now the men and women "in Christ." All that he did, we must do; we are his body, to act again his self-sacrifice. We are committed to the view that it is "better in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" than "to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them."

Are we living this Christ-life? Surely, we are not. And we are not living it because we do not believe in the ultimate faithfulness of God. We want "salvation" to be visible here and now. We want to know God's every plan. And we will not hear Jesus, who talks of his kingdom as being small, ridiculed, hated, despised, unrecognized, persecuted, in this world.

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." "At the end," says von Hugel, "there is joy." For the present, we live by faith. Faith is confidence in God's ultimate triumph.

Some of you will know Willy Kramp's novel, *Die Prophezeiung*. You will remember how Fritz, a German prisoner of war in Russia, is convinced, because of a woman's prophesy, that he and his brother Albert will be freed. In spite of the repeated failure of his "prophesies," he clings to his so-called "faith." At last, Albert is tortured, and lies dying. Fritz listens outside his cell, expecting to hear his groans. He hears him singing,

Oh, wait, my soul, wait on the
Lord,
Commend all things to him, He
loveth to help.
Though all things break,
God will not forsake.

Albert dies. Fritz lives to see that real faith is not earthly confidence, that things hoped for and things not seen depend upon God. The kind of faith which really succeeds is the faith which is willing to lose the battle, and go on losing, because victory is God's, and must be God's, regardless of all our failure, and even because of it. To the Lamb *belongeth* victory.

We are called to live this life of faith today. It is a life of faith because Christ's kingdom is not of this world. We are not called to be "anxious" about the kingdom. We are called to live in humility the life of love in a world of hate, and leave the "results" or the "progress reports" to God. We are not called to be narrowly enquiring "how we are getting on" in the churches. We are called to give ourselves in costly, self-sacrificial

service, to redeem as our prototype redeemed. We are not called to great political, economic, or social eminence. We are called to live the life of the outcast, the alien, the stranger, despised and rejected of men. We are not called to a life of selfish, introspective "spiritual" bliss. We are called to the mystical and practical experience of taking up a cross. And crosses do not fit the shape of the back.

There is no escaping this way of the kingdom. The tragedy of our text is here. "Hide us from the wrath of the Lamb," they cry. But you cannot run away from God. This is the life of the kingdom of heaven, and God has no other way.

And what of those who share the costly life of the kingdom? There is peace, too, at the end. The kingdom comes into its own. All the suffering *becomes* salvation.

. . . and they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water. And God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes.



CANDIDATES for academic degrees, like bridesmaids and pallbearers, are usually amateurs. They don't know what to wear and how to perform unless somebody tells them. The purpose of this essay is to tell them what they need to know.

In general, all clothing, hose and shoes worn with academic costume should be dark (preferably black), so as not conspicuously to contrast with the robe, which was black when new.

The *Bachelor's* gown meets in front but is fastened by a single hook at the neck, so that the suit or dress under it is often visible in part at least. The sleeves are long, longer than the arms of any wearer.

Men may omit the coat if a dark vest or cummerbund is worn. White starched collar and dark four-in-hand tie are recommended, as the neck of the gown is cut low. Do not wear T-shirt or tieless sport shirt under the gown unless you make a practice of wearing such a shirt with dinner jacket or military blouse.

Women may wear a plain white collar covering the neck of the gown if they desire, although it is not necessary.

The *Master's* gown lacks several inches of closing down the front and the sleeves are slit above the elbow, exposing to view both of the arms of the wearer.

Men are obliged to wear coats. A permissible alternative is to wear a dark vest and cover the exposed portions of the arms with black sleeve protectors, such as bookkeepers used to wear; but these probably are now out of print.

Women preferably wear dark dresses with long sleeves (or, they may wear long, black gloves if any

are available; but gauntlets and flowered house coats are not approved for academic wear).

The *Doctor's* gown is not closed in front but it has long, bell-shaped sleeves, which make it permissible to omit the coat if a dark vest is worn. (Omission of both coat and vest and joining the two sides of the gown with safety pins are frowned upon by all standard authorities on academic dress and accessories, the practice of certain distinguished southern academicians to the contrary notwithstanding.) Dark shoes, hose and trousers (dresses, of course, for women doctors) are indicated, as for all other academic ensembles. But it is hardly worth while to make a recommendation here. By the time a person gets a doctor's gown, his wardrobe is usually scant and he is unable to provide himself with anything except "all-purpose" clothing, chosen with an eye to price rather than color. So, with the doctor's gown Anything Goes—excepting only white tennis shorts and Mexican huaraches.

The *Cap* (sometimes called Mortar Board because it is shaped like a mortar board) should be set squarely upon the head with the top (flat) surface parallel with the floor and not at a rakish angle from it in any direction. Candidates for their *first* degree wear the tassel over the *right* eye until the moment when the President confers a degree on them; then they deftly shift it to the left side. Thereafter the tassel is always worn on the left side, even when you turn up again for an additional degree.

The cap is worn continuously throughout the academic exercises. The only exception is that men lift their caps for prayer, the "Star Span-

Confidential

Advice

to

Degree

Candidates

gled Banner" and "Varsity." (Do not be misled by what gentlemen on the stage do with their caps. They haven't read this essay and they operate under two entirely different sets of rules, one which permits "distinguished and aged scholars to remove their caps at their own pleasure"; the other of which—the old Texian code—allows any man over fifty years of age to disregard instructions from his juniors in matters of manners and sartorial elegance.)

To paraphrase a current American anthem, "There's no business like academic business." All that you have learned about the regulation of your behavior in the normal relationships

(Continued on page 26)



By Herbert Gambrell
Southern Methodist University

By
Kermit
Eby

University of Chicago

WHEN I was very young my mother used to tell me that if I didn't behave myself a bogeyman might get me. Now, at the age of four and five I had no idea what a bogeyman might look like, so I had to conjure up an image for myself.

The first one which came into my consciousness was a little owl which used to hoot in my father's orchard. My grandfather had given me a lamb and we had made a pen for it in the orchard. It was my job to feed the lamb twice a day. Every once in a while, like lazy little boys will do, I would forget to feed it. My father would come in and ask me if I had fed the lamb, and if I hadn't, to get out and do it. I knew the orchard was dark. In the trees the owls were saying, "Boooo," and I decided they were the bogeymen who would get the little boy who forgot to feed the lamb.

For a while I was terribly afraid, but one day the hired man caught an owl and held it in his hands. I saw that it was a little ball of fuzz and feathers, and my first bogeyman disappeared.

Down in Pennsylvania Dutch Indiana where I grew up, our nearest town was some seven miles away. About once a month old Mozey Wolfberg used to stop at Granddad's. My sister and I could see him coming with his little pack on his back. I talked to myself and said, "Maybe Mozey Wolfberg is the bogeyman and maybe he puts bad little boys in his pack and carries them off when they are naughty."

One day when Mozey was opening his pack and we were going through the assorted calicos, batistes, and other things he had in it, he dug down a little deeper and pulled out a piece of horehound candy. He broke the piece in two and gave one to me and one to my sister, and another bogeyman disappeared.

All my uncles and my grandfather

like to fish, and one of the lakes we used to drive to for fishing was near Calvin, Michigan. Now Calvin Center to most people is just a crossroads. But people who know its history know that Calvin Center is situated on an old depot of the underground railroad.

Many years ago some of the passengers of the railroad stopped off at Calvin Center, and the result was something unusual for rural Michigan, a Negro settlement. Now, the man who owned the boats on this little lake was a Negro. We rented a boat, and I was a little scared because he was the first Negro I had ever seen. And I said, "Aha, here's my bogeyman," and I became afraid of him. But the excitement of the fishing made me forget my bogeyman temporarily. In the evening, when we were ready to go home and were paying for our boat, my uncle Henry told the Negro owner about the "big one" that got away. Our Negro friend said, "I was out fishing yesterday morning and I caught one that was t h a t long." And my uncle said, "Two weeks ago I caught one t h a t long." All of a sudden it occurred to me that they were just two fishermen, and another bogeyman disappeared.

Time passed, and the first world war started. Things were very hard for me for I lived in a solidly German community. There were three German churches within a mile and a half of the town in which I grew up. The grandmother who rocked me and my two little sisters had been born in Germany. Sometimes she rocked us individually, and sometimes three at a time for, in my grandmother's day, laps were in style and could accommodate one, two, and three.

And while I was listening to stories of Germans being "Huns," "baby killers," and "devils," my memory was full of the nursery rhymes my grandmother used to sing while she rocked me. They included:

THE BOGEYMAN THE BOGEYMAN THE BOGEYMAN THE BOGEYMAN THE BOGEYMAN THE BOGEYMAN THE BOGEYMAN THE BOGEYMAN THE BOGEYMAN THE BOGEYMAN

*Schlaff, mei' Buppele leise
Die Hause sind im Hof.
Die Schwatze bei der Weise
Wolle mei' Buppele beise.*

And I remember, when I stubbed my toe:

*Heile, heile Hingeldreck.
Bis Morgen fruh geh'ts alle weg.*

I learned my ABC's by:

A B C
*Die Katze lauft in Schnee.
Schnee geht weg.
Das ist genug. . . .*

And there I was. All my grandmother's people were "devils," and I couldn't figure it out. And so I thought and thought and finally got an answer. It was very simple—all the good Germans had come to the United States; all the extra ones went to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, but all the really top ones came to Indiana.

MANY years later, thanks to the Quakers, I had a chance to spend some time in the Orient. There I really learned about bogeymen. But this time the shoe was on the other foot.

One day we were walking down the streets of Pingling Jo, a little village in northwest China. I was accompanied by a missionary who knew the Chinese very well. We were followed by some twenty youngsters who kept their distance and occasionally commented on our appearance. Finally my curiosity got the better of my judgment, and I asked my friend, "What are the children saying?" She laughed and said, "Do you really want to know?" Then she said, "Why, just another foreign devil came to town."

In Muckden I had rather the same experience, but this time we were being escorted by a tall, red-haired missionary. This time the children followed us and I again said, "What are they saying?" He replied, "The big noses have come to town. Yes, you have a big nose, our friend Tom has a big nose, and all the Russians they have met have big noses." At once I learned a lesson which was very simple. That very minute half the world was sorry for the other half because one half had slant eyes and the other big noses. So some time when you are

in a reflective mood, get a mirror, hold it up, look at it, and ask yourself, "Just which is the biggest handicap—noses like ours or eyes like the Orientals?"

Now, back to the foreign devil and his red hair. One day we were walking through a Korean rice field and I saw a scarecrow. Being a farmer's son, I immediately recognized what was being put up in the rice field. Having made some scarecrows myself, I decided to look at it. I examined it but it did not look natural. This was no bogeyman! It had red hair, blue eyes, and the whitest possible face. I began to ponder—my Korean friends had made their scarecrow look like my Sunday school pictures of saints. But why? Didn't I learn at the University of Chicago that the Spanish and Portuguese got along much better in the Orient than the Dutch and English? Sure, they did. Didn't the former have black eyes and black hair, and didn't the Orientals have black eyes and black hair? When the first red-haired Nordic appeared, had I forgotten that for 5,000 years the Orientals had given their devils red hair and blue eyes! Interesting, isn't it, how we make our saints like ourselves and our devils like our opposites?

One day, just before we came home, we went to a modern art exhibit in Tokyo. As I wandered up and down the halls looking at the pictures, I noticed one that looked familiar. I walked up and looked at it and said, "I have seen this picture before, but something's wrong." So I stepped up closely and read the title which said, "Virgin and Child." And I said, "What! this isn't right—this cannot be—this is sacrilege—for after all, what right has the artist to use a Japanese mother and a Japanese child for the 'Virgin and Child!'" Then I recoiled and thought to myself, "How natural, wouldn't anyone who is painting a picture of the Virgin and Child use his own wife and baby? How wrong we have always been to assume that ours was the model which God had used in the Creation."

PERHAPS it can be summed up by a story once told to me. An English pastor, a poet, who went into the last war as a chaplain, couldn't feel that he was really contributing anything because he wasn't sharing all the risks of the men to whom he was ministering. He decided to become a dispatcher and one night he was asked to take a message to the most perilous part of No Man's Land. While he was on the way, a great storm came up and there were flashes of lightning. On the way back thunder rolled and lightning flashed. As he was groping through No Man's Land he stumbled and hesitated. There was a flash of lightning which revealed what he had stumbled over. At his feet was a blond, blue-eyed boy about seventeen years of age who had just been killed. As he meditated there was another flash of lightning and this time, as he looked into the face of the dead boy, the face had become transfigured. It took on the features of Jesus of Nazareth, the lips began to move and they said, "Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, you have done it unto me." And I finally understood—to those who believe, there can be no bogeyman.

Today we have a new bogeyman—communist Russia. The simple-minded believe the problem of communism and Russia can be solved by liquidating all communists and Russians.

I am reminded of the Russian delegates who spent a week with us when they were here as delegates of the WFTU. They wanted not only information on wage differentials and social security, they wanted gifts for their "kids"—underwater writing pens, go-to-sleep dolls and toy sewing machines.

We helped them with their purchases. They thanked us again and again. When they bid us good-bye, they said, "Bring your children with you and come to see us in Moscow." You see, we were no longer Russian and American enemies. We were just parents who loved our kids.

Could it be that Russians, too, are God's children, created in his image?

NO architecture can be excellent in itself. No building can be judged in a vacuum. Relating circumstances determine the greatness of an architecture. These circumstances are of the past—evolution, if you will—as well as of the present and the future.

Though we build *in* the present, we build *for* the future. An architect is successful in his design as he judges the portion of the future during which his building will be used.

Past great architectures were great because they solved the problems of those times, using to the utmost the materials and methods which were then available.

In the past, times moved more slowly, and the evolution of building development, though readily measurable, changed but little in one generation.

Today times are changing most rapidly, and the life expectancy of a church building or any other building is correspondingly less. The changes in our cities, our communities, in our methods of transportation, in our scientific developments in general, mean an accelerated advance.

There is a tendency under such awe-inspiring conditions to seek refuge in the past. That tendency we have seen among certain elements of our people ever since the scientific era came into being. But we cannot seek refuge in the seventeenth century or the thirteenth century, much as we might like to escape such things as airplane crashes, television, or the atomic bomb.

All these things have come so quickly that it has been difficult almost to the impossible to assimilate them. But these various things can mean the greatest civilization that man has ever seen. And a great civilization builds for its *future* use.

Our civilization must be great enough to build so civilization may continue to build. And the greatness of a civilization is measured by its *own* architecture.

I do not for a minute deny the romance of past styles, nor do I say at all that I do not admire past styles as past styles. But are we to believe that architecture has *only* a past? In



all great architectural eras of the past, religious architecture has led. The Egyptian and the Greek temples, the basilicas of early Rome, the wonderful Romanesque of Spain and France, which changed as man learned, reaching the ultimate development of the great cathedrals of France—all of these in their day were modern.

They did not expect, nor should we, that a style of architecture from a previous age could suitably express the Christian faith in all succeeding ages. They were all sincere and beautiful. In their day they were as useful as they knew how to make them. They all have their worthy place as part of a heritage upon which today's architecture should build.

But building upon a heritage is not to copy it. To assume that modern attainments in the arts, music, literature, painting and architecture are not of the same quality as they were in past ages, is to admit a great cultural inferiority complex. Even forgetting for a moment the great advantages that modern invention have brought us, we still must reckon with our own cultural integrity. Should we assume

that God intended civilization to reach its highest point in the arts in those past ages? Are we of the belief that he is leading us forward no longer? Certainly such a belief would break the thread of human creativity, and would even deny the presence of Divine guidance in these times.

The architects of our churches today should try to give our church buildings an outward form suitable to our need today. We should today build contemporary buildings, as Christians have in each of the past great periods of the church's life. No



CHURCH ARCHITECTURE TRADITIONAL OR MODERN?

A Symposium



**L. Morgan Yost, F.A.I.A.
Kenilworth, Illinois
Begins the Discussion**

A contrast in traditional and modern architecture is shown in these interiors of two college chapels: the Romanesque St. Paul's Chapel at Columbia University, New York City, and the Annie Pfeiffer Chapel at Florida Southern College, Lakeland. Frank Lloyd Wright designed the latter building.

effort of man should be neglected, and no materials or methods should be overlooked, to design today's church that its building may be as useful as possible in the work of God. No architectural tradition or superstition or habit should stand in the way of realizing an architecture based on well-defined needs and useful purposes.

Why should we object to new forms in art and architecture? Abstract forms were always used in the best periods of art. The decadent periods reproduced nature exactly, as they thought, or copied. Art in the old days

was a tribal affair or an affair of the community, not a private professional privilege. It was also thus in the Gothic. Everyone worked on the cathedral, and witness what is left to us. Indeed, art has its downfall when people delegate a few men to produce enough art for the rest, or borrow from another time or purpose. Let us all cross the divide now and well under the imposition of architecture is a creation of the living, not of the dead.

You may ask "Why not copy the old, which is good?" The answer is

that the good is good as judged by the needs and abilities of the civilization which created it. Our forefathers built the best they knew, not the best that we know. They used all the knowledge and facilities they possessed. We should not use their so-called styles, as they have completely lost their meaning in the light of our modern knowledge.

We should in our churches combine the best in our religious heritage, an appreciation of the functional use of the structure, and methods of construction, heating, lighting, acoustics, and provisions for environmental comfort not available to past generations. And all of these must be brought together with an all-consuming wish to build a beautiful place of worship, which shall be a joy to all who see it.

It is necessary and unfortunate that I say that many of the so-called modern churches which have been built are poor—some even downright bad architecture. All architects who design churches are not church architects. Perhaps the architect who could design the very best church never yet has done one. Such an architect must be a seeker of truth, a seeker of beauty. Under no circumstances should he design a modern house of worship merely for the sensationalism and the talk that the design might cause. The very best modern churches will be quiet, dignified and reposeful. They may be different, but they will not be self-consciously different. With those of you who say that you have never seen a modern church that you like, I could readily agree. A very few have been built.

I think you will agree with me that the church has competition. The automobile, radio, TV, hobbies and just ordinary chores that people do on Sunday. The same old thing in church

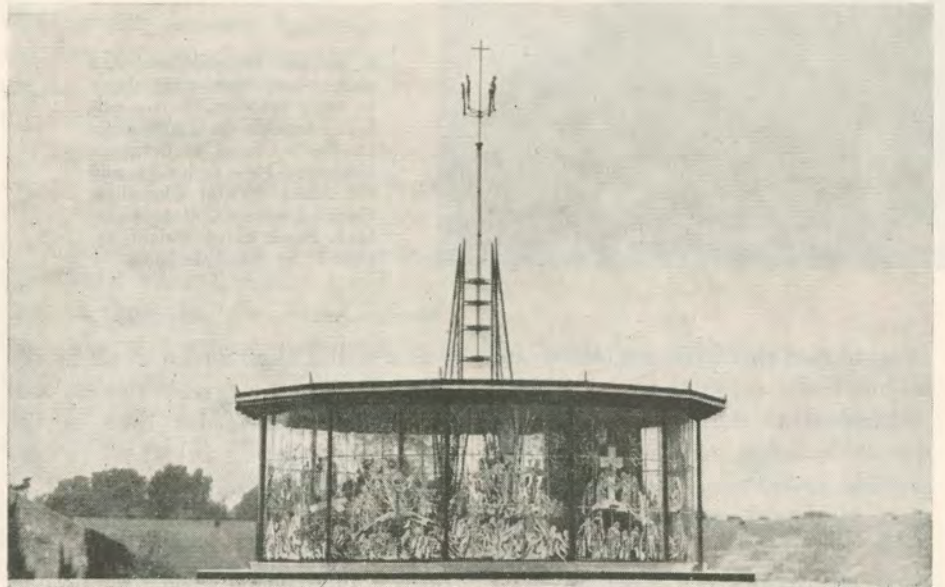
building will not have the impact, or excite the interest in these people. The building itself must do a modern sales job. To build a building new which could have been built twenty-five or fifty years ago will, I think, attract little interest in the vital but overlooked part that religion could have in the lives of these families whom we wish to draw to the church.

Neither must we be afraid that a modern building will lack the atmosphere and the environment that are associated with churches of the past. Modern lighting and acoustics, materials and structure, with their colors, their textures and their dramatic possibilities can now create an environment of awe and worship that old methods cannot. All of this requires the hand of a master artist—an archi-

tect who understands the psychology of environment, the needs of the ritual, and the design of the scientific and engineering portions which are integrated with the struggle itself.

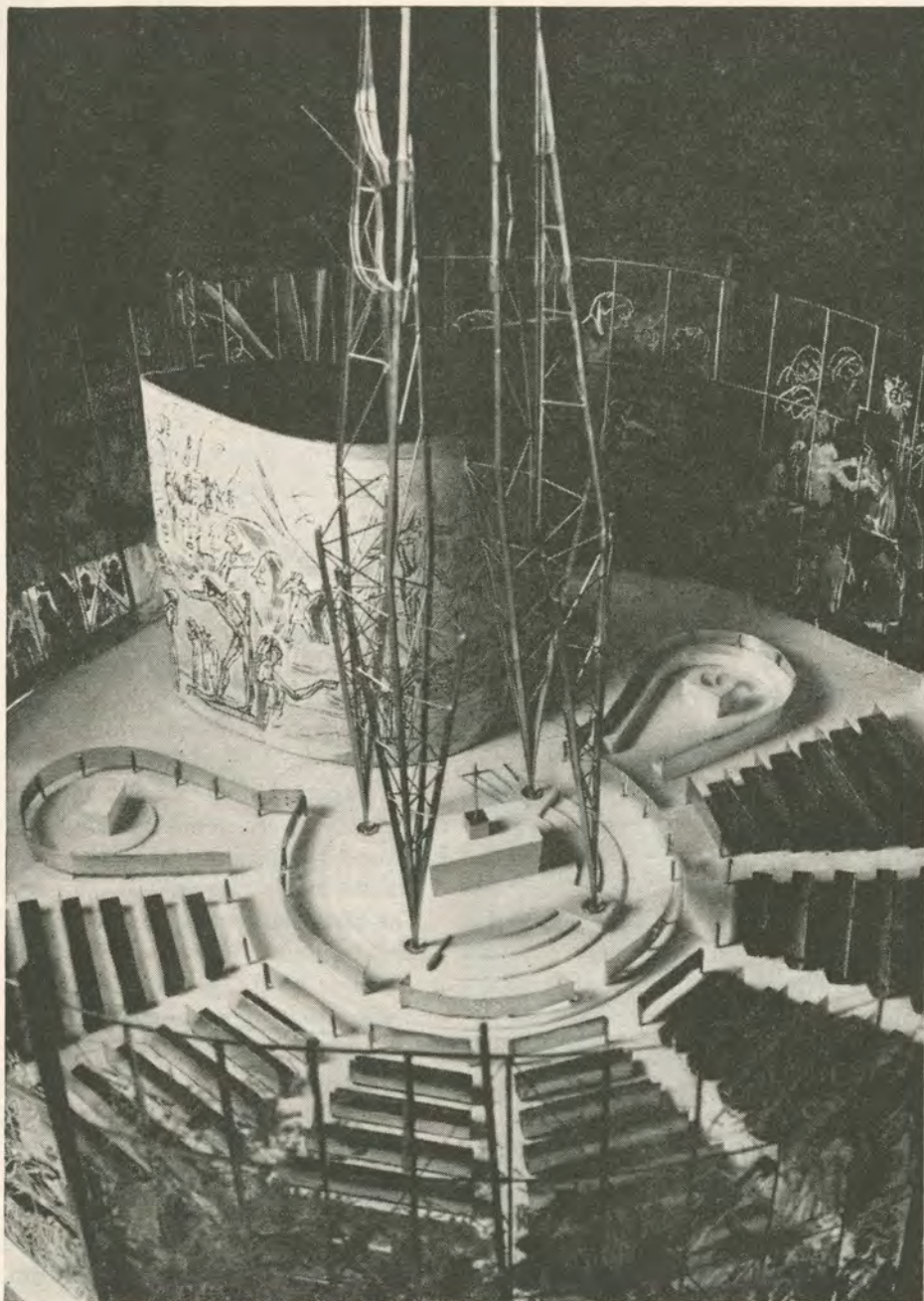
Such a man will not dissipate the building fund on a skin treatment, since it is the essence that can be beautiful. He will know that it is not enough to put a cross on a chimney stack to signify a religious building. It must look like a church, not a school or factory or civic building. But that does not mean it must look like all the churches that have been built in the past.

Let us bring this period in the life of the church to the point where its architecture once again leads. Less than that is not giving church architecture its proper significance.



Carstairs Gallery

A Revolutionary Approach



Interior view, by night, of the model for "Church of the Four Evangelists" showing roof supports which form the canopy above the altar.

HERE is the prototype of a modern polychrome church, conceived by the architect, Jean Labatut and the painter, André Girard, and first designed in the Princeton laboratory of architecture.

Due to close and successful collaboration between architect and painter, this revolutionary model for the "Church of the Four Evangelists" shows in its unity the constant play of ideas and suggestions between its two projectors. The architect utilizes, in his conception of outside glass walls

and dome, the medium which would permit the most effective daylong lighting of a convex parabolic wall which forms the main interior background. It is on this wall that the artist's panels of the Four Evangelists are painted.

The artist, in turn, in utilizing the exterior glass walls for his paintings of the Way of the Cross, has taken into consideration the architectural needs of interior and exterior light and vision, so that the decoration gives an opaque quality to the lower part of the

walls, leaving them gradually clearer toward the top for passage of light. And in his utilization of a new technical means of permanent painting on glass, rather than the old stained-glass method, which gave only a colorless linear effect on the exterior, the painter has furthered the idea of the polychromed church visualized by both architect and artist.

Jean Labatut is a member of the American Institute of Architects and of the *Société Centrale des Architectes de France*.

In Defense of Traditional

By Benjamin Franklin Olson, A. I. A.

Chicago, continues the discussion at the International Churchman's Exposition

I HAVE often speculated as I have prepared designs for a church how few of us realize to what extent architecture is and has been the handmaiden of the Church.

How many have read the scriptural specifications for Jehovah's first church building, King Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem? They are to be found in the book of Second Chronicles. I read between the lines that much attention was paid to its embellishment.

One is impressed reading the fabulous description of God's house which, if preserved to this day, would be the world's most visited building; rich, impressive and withal beautiful. In today's currency it is estimated that it would cost between two and five billions of dollars. One inner room, thirty feet wide by thirty feet long, was garnished with more than twenty-five tons of "fine" or twenty-four-carat gold; the nails used were of gold weighing two pounds each. When we turn from this picture to think upon some of the impoverished structures that we call churches we wonder, and rightly so.

I have been asked to speak in defense of what is incorrectly termed "Traditional Styles in Church Architecture."

First of all, there are "no architectural styles."

Styles abide for a season and are supplanted by something else. This year women's skirts are long, next year they may be shorter. They are like the tides of the ocean; they rise

and fall with a regularity that keeps the dressmakers and cash registers busy. Profitable are the uses of style for those in the garment business.

When we speak of architecture we refer to a manner of design, or construction. We build not a Gothic-style church; we build in the Gothic manner.

The competent Gothicist does not copy, line for line, the Gothic cathedrals of the fourteenth or fifteenth century; he designs to meet today's requirements, adding, as the housewife does when she mixes a cake, the essence of the Gothic flavor, or the essence of the Romanesque or the Georgian flavor to sweeten an otherwise barren and uninteresting mass of masonry.

Reports are arriving from Europe telling of the shabby appearance of some of the early structures in the contemporary manner after twenty-five years' exposure to the elements, while buildings relieved by judicious ornament acquired a mellowed interest with age.

The traditions and background of the folk who will worship in a given church determine the flavor of the essence.

Why do we employ these particular essences? Because they have created a familiar pattern of worship atmosphere for centuries and are worthy of retention.

The geographical location and the available materials should determine to a large extent the character of the design, as they did in past centuries.

A deplorable commentary on some American church architects of the last century is the futility of trying to build a Gothic church of wood. The Gothic calls for masonry.

In our great lumber-producing territories of the Pacific Northwest it is to be expected that a new, rational method of church construction must be evolved to establish an indigenous character to the church.

The birth pains of this new manner of design must be most acute judging from some of the grotesque wooden churches that have emanated from this and other localities.

Let me state that most architects that have been trained in the traditional manner heartily endorse progress so long as it does not reach the point of absurdity.

Progress is not attained by the use of such expressions as functionalism, just as if no other form of architecture had functioned in its day.

The stereotyped clichés, so often seen in contemporary work, are not American in origin but were imported shortly after World War I. In fact, Gothic was alien, but by adaptation for two hundred and fifty years has become a part of us.

The omission of the study of traditional architecture from our college curriculum has resulted in a dearth of draftsmen who can produce traditional designs.

There are educators who would obviate years of study and training in the accomplished work of the masters of other centuries. This simpli-

fies the work of teaching in the architectural schools, many of which offer no training in what has gone before; sending students out entirely unequipped to meet the requirements of the average practice, especially that of church design. What if the law schools should ignore Blackstone or the medical schools forget Pasteur or Lister?

The AIA has created a committee to survey the curricula of our architectural schools in an effort to broaden the scope of training in design.

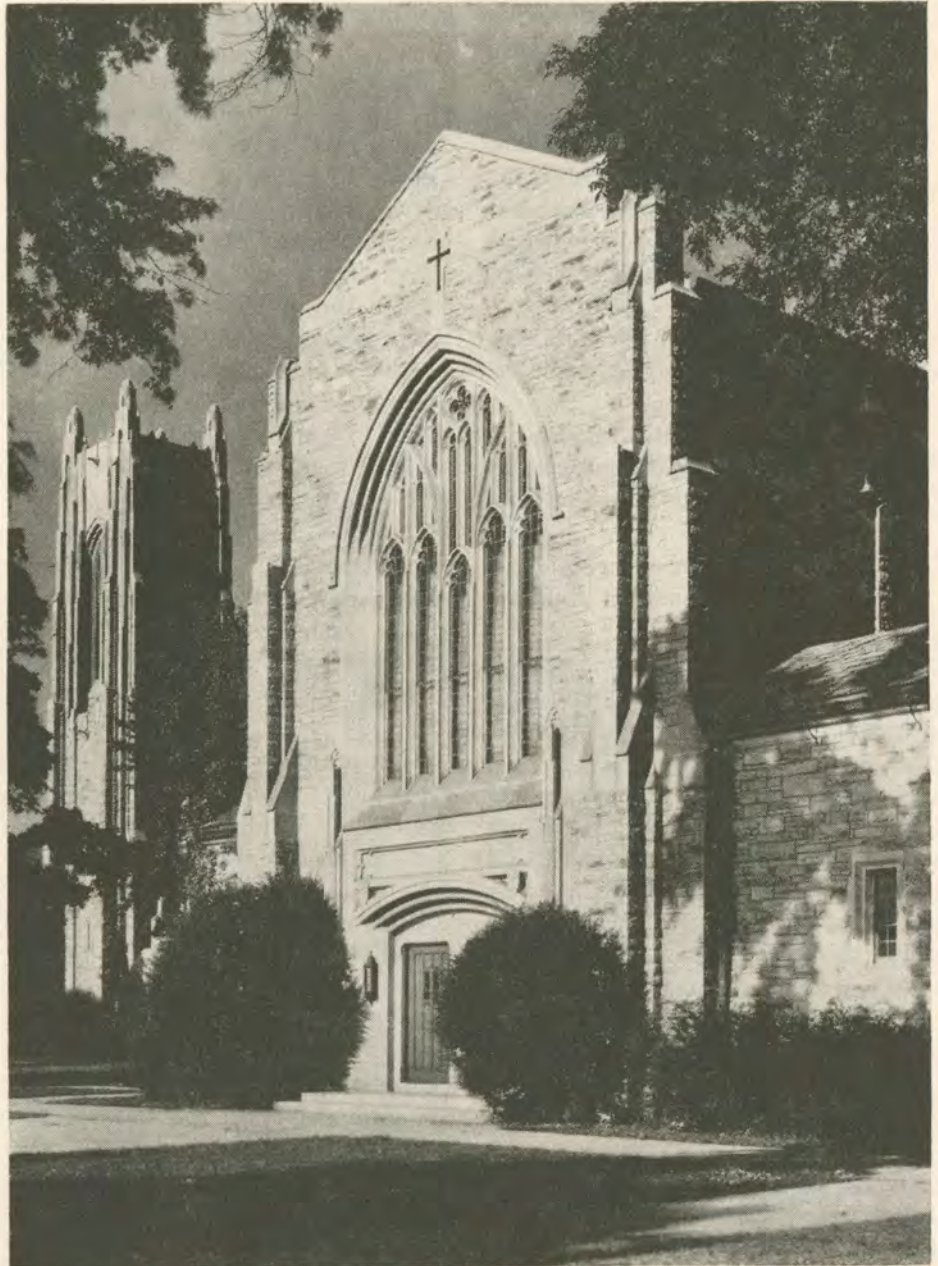
Several of these graduates come to us seeking employment each year. I ask if they have had one problem in Gothic, Colonial, Renaissance or Romanesque, and they say, "No." Their reply is that they have been told that Gothic existed in the past but is now a dead art. "It is like Noah's Ark; it existed, but you'll never have need for it, so forget it. We offer the client something more functional." If there was anything more functional than Noah's Ark, I would like to hear about it. Then, I ask, "How can you be of help to us, unless we spend two or three years training you?"

They report that the professors told them that they could convince the client that he must use an up-to-date approach to his problem.

The practice of architecture has something in common with operating a restaurant. They both deal with varying tastes. If a customer enters a restaurant with his heart set upon a charcoal-grilled filet mignon with all the delectable fixings and the proprietor tells him that he must be content with pork and beans, because they are good for him, for that is all that he serves, he is due to lose a customer and his repeat business as well as that of his friends.

John Ruskin's axiom "beauty is truth" is as genuine today in the fine arts and in church architecture as it was when he expressed it.

You will find in today's publications church designs that use for decoration the exposed timbers of the tuck-pointer's scaffolding. There seems to be no limit to such frankness in unattractive forms in design, some of



An excellent example of the "modified collegiate Gothic" architecture is Wightman Chapel, Scarritt College, Nashville, Tennessee. In the background is the Belle Harris Bennett Memorial Tower.

which offend the public taste, as this incident illustrates.

During the building of the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago in 1933, I was showing some of the buildings to out-of-town friends. We came to the Transportation Building, which was circular or hexagonal with a movable roof supported, not on the walls but by cables from a number of upright column-like supports on top of the walls. I explained the use of the roof for ventilation purposes. I was asked if the building were completed; to which I said,

"Yes." "Then when are they going to remove those derricks from the roof?"

If the Creator had no interest in the beauty of form he probably would have left our skeletons and muscular systems undraped by the attractive contours that you and I see about us, if we are observant.

Another thing that these students tell me is that the architect must dominate and shape his client's thinking, be outspoken in his convictions.

We, as architects, are practicing one of the fine arts, not psychiatry.

True, we must be diplomatic and endeavor to save some clients from their own ideas.

The mention of "outspoken" brings to mind a recent story of a wife who was dominant and loquaciously voluble. A friend observed to her husband, "Your wife is 'outspoken,'" to which the husband replied, "Outspoken by whom?"

Commissions come to our office now and then because another architect seemed too "outspoken."

I have talked with two hundred or more church building committees; let me analyze them as I have found them.

I do not think that we should do their thinking for them for they are doing a lot of thinking.

How often, when we come upon a well-turned phrase or statement, have we said, "I wish that I might have said that."

Unfortunately, you and I are not gifted in shaping ordinary expressions into poetic beauty. That is why God endowed poets—Longfellow, Tennyson, Whittier—with the ability to say these things for us.

When a man plants a beautiful garden or builds an attractive home, subconsciously he is hoping that the garden and the home will say something to the passer-by that he cannot say for himself.

In respect to the garden, he is hoping that it will say that he loves flowers and that he loves his fellow man sufficiently to create and maintain something that will be a joy to the mind and eye of all who look upon it.

His home, he wants well proportioned and attractive; a credit to the community. He wants it to say that its owner has an appreciation for aesthetic values and a sense of appropriateness. That the family life within the walls is as pleasant as its exterior.

If he has the means and foresight he will retain an architect skilled in fashioning fine homes that the result will be more expressive.

Now for the church.

When a conscientious group of men and women sit down as a building committee they are thinking pretty

much as the man who plants the garden.

They are desirous that the church will speak for them the things that they would say to the community. I believe that they wish it to reiterate the invitation of the Master, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden." They wish it to say, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not."

They would have the church repeat again and again the words of Mary to her sister, Martha, in the home at Bethany, "The Master is here and calleth for thee."

I believe that they expect the response from all who look upon or enter their church to be in the words of the Psalmist, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Host" or "Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary."

They are thinking and wishing that every door, window, arch and vault express the beauty of holiness.

What these folk need is an architectural Longfellow or Tennyson.

How are we to express this beauty of holiness unless we utilize the familiar vocabulary of form that begets beauty, inspires and creates the worshipful spirit?

No sweeping changes have come to the abiding faith of the Church. The Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount are unchanged. The Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed have not been revised.

Ecclesiastical architecture has striven through the centuries to meet the requirements of its era, to become more articulate and expressive.

Some of the efforts to establish a new interpretation seem to gravitate toward the primitive. This is especially true in painting, sculpture and music. Distorted, gnome-like figures predict a parody of the beauty of nature and Cab Calloway and Spike Jones have dethroned Beethoven and Brahms. Glorified freight sheds are making a strong bid to supplant that which suggests the beauty of holiness.

Many years ago two men attempted to reshape the thinking of the church folk of the English-speaking world.

I refer to Robert Ingersoll and Tom Paine. Let not the church architects of the twentieth century emulate their futility, or sell its birthright for this mess of pottage sometimes termed the "cult of the barren."

In our office we pursue the modified traditional path, because out of more than two hundred committees that we have met only one expressed an interest in something radically different, and many have said, "We want a church that looks like a church."

We follow precedent because we like its flavor when not overdone.

We follow tradition for the church is rich in tradition.

Quoting from Ralph Walker's recent article, "Good Design in Architecture," in the *Journal of The American Institute of Architects*, I give you the valued opinion of one who has looked upon architecture with an unbiased perception:

Good design is not necessarily found in the clever use of new materials, but always in their relation to what the true purpose of man may be.

Good design never blinds through glare, never shocks through excessive noises, never stunts through obnoxious repetition.

Good design in architecture, however, is more than the results attained from mere function, whether structure or just common use.

Good design in the church creates the quiet exaltation of the spirit—that unknown quality in man which we revere.

All these qualities have been found in the past in Athens, in Kyoto, in France; in the Parthenon, at Ise, in Chartres and Amiens; in Venice, in Rome, in Paris—but not yet, anywhere in the modern world which believes classicism lies in wider expanses of polished glass, and in the impersonal qualities of the factory.

If the building committees will preserve for the church the essence and purity of its architectural heritage—and streamline it to meet today's higher costs—they may discover that its message may become articulate by its directness and simplification.

And Now Comes the Devil's Last Trick

How do you meet the crises
which crop up in your life?

BECAUSE we are not machines but human beings we can meet each crisis on one of three possible levels.

On Level One our response is childish. We choose not to see evil. Or if we do, we run away.

On Level Two, after bumping into evil, we see little else. We become adolescent cynics, but we are still over-emotional. What's wrong, not what's right, holds our attention. Evil thus hypnotizes us into fighting it with its own methods. "The end justifies the means."

But there is higher ground, and that is Level Three. Here we see far more evil than before. But the denial of personality that had so shocked us on Level Two is now seen to be not just out there—in this and that wicked man or group. It is also recognized in here—inside ourselves.

The darkness, however, is not the most important thing in us or in those we oppose. The most important thing is the energy that can overcome it. This energy is hidden deep in us all. If anything is able, it is able to subdue the arrogance and despair, the power-drive and timidity that hide behind our pretensions of goodness. To be sure, the darkness is strong, but the Light out there and within is stronger. Ultimately, anyway. And this Light, rather than what defies it, is the center of reference.

The Devil of course is on the job at each level. By the Devil is meant the darkness in our minds that we easily

mistake for Light. His first-level trick, we have seen, is to dope us into thinking he doesn't exist; or if he does, he can't be faced. In this immature dreamworld, not yet tested by the pressures of Level Two, we imagine we are already little Gandhis or near-saints on Level Three! Pet lambs who don't have to pass through the pressures of Level Two as Gandhi and the saints most certainly did.

The Devil's second-level trick is to shock us into assuming that he alone exists. His way alone is realistic and effective. There is only a choice between two levels. The haloes upon examination will prove to be bandages around cracked skulls. The responses of those supposed to be on Level Three are not so noble as wish-thinkers dream. They may turn out to be irresponsible if not cowardly like those on Level One. These "do gooders" are appeasers. They would buy off the opponent by selling out somebody else to the tyrant. Their appeal is to the lower, selfish side of man.

Two persons involved in the last two wars illustrate the problem. In World War I Jane Addams of Hull House, in Chicago, sought to serve her country with her conscience, relying on methods entirely different from bombs and espionage. To those using military force, Miss Addam's reconciling way seemed to be undermining morale and helping the Kaiser win rather than democracy.

Again, in World War II it was hard

at first for those risking their lives in the French underground to see that Andre Trocme was not on Level One letting them down. There he was in the hills of LeChambon swinging not a "real" sword but the sword of the spirit. How futile! It took a good deal of first-hand observation to convince the Marquis that Andre Trocme was one who resisted evil quite effectively indeed, saving scores of Jewish lives in the process. Those on Level Three actually are anything but "appeasers." Far from capitulating to ego they challenge and encourage the spirit. What they aim at is "that of God in every man." That is their target and sometimes they hit it. They are out to affirm integrity, their opponent's as well as their own. But the inertia in our minds sometimes blinds us to the fact, especially when the wrongdoer is right at our gates pounding on the front door.

AND now comes the Devil's last trick. He has conceded that Level Three exists and that certain heroes of the human race have got there. "But it isn't for you," he says with an air of realism. "A Francis of Assisi can practice authentic love. But your effort to will the best for others is phony. You know very well you aren't fit to act on Level Three. You're not in intimate contact enough with the goodness that, I grant, does overcome evil, as it did in the case of saints. They were pure in heart. You aren't. Why put on airs? Better make an

honest adjustment at Level One or Two."

What is the secret of the people, those who hear and answer the music of Level Three? It would be presumptuous to say. But for many it seems to be something like this: they don't take their feelings too seriously. The main point to which they pay attention is the objective structure of things, what is most real, lasting and alive. The subjective sensations—the self-despair that says "I don't have what it takes and I can't get it" or the inescapable little earthquake that attacks the pit of the stomach—all these are beside the point. The symptoms of adrenalin gushing into the blood stream are not so interesting as the Inner Must which they are given the wisdom to obey. During their flashes of illumination when we have sight of them, they are not worrying too much about the results. Temporary "success" is not the issue. Their concern is to give all they can to the Light that has broken upon them.

We can be sure that at other times and often, some of them have yielded to the first two tricks of the Devil. While we are watching them, however, they see through evil into the power that alone can overcome it. At least it is to that ultimate vitality they are loyal. They aren't lying down to the oppressor. Nor are they slugging it out against him in the old, conven-

tional way; the way of "mutual terror." On the contrary, they are taking their courage in both hands and flinging it in a new and creative direction.

WHAT could this new and creative direction, this third-level approach, mean to us? The determination to act individually and collectively with less timidity and more generosity. With our left hand we can, each in terms of his own integrity, throw away or relax our hold on the guns we have made in fear of each other. With our right hand, we can cooperatively share instead of tensely clutch at life.

Nobody knows how many people today just don't have a chance. Half the world seems to be half starved. Only two out of five can read. Why shouldn't young people in this country have the fun of helping fellow human beings, wherever the need on this planet is greatest, to outgrow ignorance and power-seeking that team up with hunger, disease, insecurity and despair? Take a map. Imagine the dams, roads, houses, schools and hospitals that need building; the fields that need plowing; the trees and grain that need planting. And why shouldn't we tackle the problem of erosion and the 20,000,000 additional stomachs every year scientifically and humanely? While we're at it, there must be some way of increasingly substituting

law for the habit of preparing to kill great masses of people who like us would like to live.

Impossible? That's what addicts of the status quo once said to the less timid who somehow, in spite of the obstacles, got out of the water to develop lungs in place of air bladders. That's how the unadventurous up in the trees taunted those who wondered how it would feel to free the hands by experimenting with the ground on two feet instead of four. Maybe you and I are made for what fear calls "impossible"!

Let's not be sentimental. The old way also has its risks. The atomic scientists aren't so sure their weapons will defend what we value. Very well, then, let us take risks—in this bold, constructive direction. Our objective need not be what those who are frightened think is expedient. It can be what is basically true. The capacity to act in line with the new law "love your enemies" is within us. Why not give it and our fellow citizens on this planet a try? If we do, it may be better for everybody concerned. Better not only for the world as a whole, but for our country as well. This "new and living way" on which the determined Christian takes a chance is not treason. It is patriotism that has said its prayers.

—From the foreward of the new edition of *Courage in Both Hands* by Charles Mackintosh.

PRISON

Postgraduate Study in British Jails

By Robert Hamill
Pastor, Joliet, Illinois

His prison cells had rats and filth, and no books—but he made history, and wrote it.

TWO of us were transferred from the Bareilly District jail to the Dehra Dun jail. . . ." So begins the autobiography of Jawaharlal Nehru. Over three hundred pages later he writes, "So in the month of June, 1934, I began this 'autobiographical narrative' in Dehra jail, and for the last eight months I have continued it. . . . Often there have been intervals when I felt no desire to write

motive

... but I managed to continue, and now I am nearing the end of this personal journey.”*

Between his youthful studies at Harrow and Cambridge, and his present post as prime minister of India and the most powerful dark-skinned man now living, Nehru did many years of postgraduate study in Indian jails maintained by the British. “In and out, out and in; what a shuttlecock I had become.” As for whether he was assigned to the same or a different cell in the old familiar jails he commented, “The place where I spent my days and nights mattered little, for my mind was elsewhere.”

Nehru is a disciple of Gandhi, but not of Gandhism. Nehru had little sympathy for the spinning wheel and salt as symbols of India's rebirth. Instead he honors the industrial machine. He believes in education, sanitation, and removal of superstition. He wants to strike down all caste and color lines. Nehru is a modernist, a disciple of science. A peacemaker but not a pacifist. An internationalist, but with unrelenting nationalist drive to overthrow foreign rule.

These concerns early made him dangerous to the British scheme of things, but the British made the mistake of jailing him a dozen different times. Imprisonment magnified his stature in the eyes of the Indian multitudes. During those sentences he had no books, but he wrote a world history and his own story, depending upon knowledge accumulated over the years, and using a mind he had trained at schools in England.

I write this sitting in a British prison, and for months past my mind has been full of anxiety, and I have perhaps suffered more during this solitary imprisonment than I have done in jail before. Anger and resentment have often filled my mind at various happenings, and yet, as I sit here and look deep into my mind and heart, I do not find any anger against England or the English people. I dislike British imperialism, and I resent its imposition on India; I dislike the capitalist system; I dislike exceedingly

and resent the way India is exploited by the ruling classes of Britain. But I do not hold England or the English people as a whole responsible for this; and, even if I did, I do not think it would make much difference, for it is a little foolish to lose one's temper at or to condemn a whole people. They are as much the victims of circumstances as we are.

Personally, I owe too much to England in my mental make-up ever to feel wholly alien to her. And, do what I will, I cannot get rid of the habits of mind, and the standards and ways of judging other countries as well as life generally, which I acquired at school and college in England.

His restless mind set to thinking, and *Toward Freedom* is a personalized account, an inside view, of the tumultuous affairs of modern India. It tells history, and makes observations. For instance,

Different countries have adopted animals as symbols of their ambition or character—the eagle of the United States of America and of Germany, the lion and bulldog of England, the fighting cock of France, the bear of old Russia. How far do these patron animals mold national character? Most of them are aggressive, fighting animals, beasts of prey. The people who grow up with these examples before them appear to mold themselves consciously after them, strike up aggressive attitudes, roar, and prey on others. The Hindu is mild and nonviolent, for his patron animal is the cow.

Nehru was born an aristocrat, yet he warns his own people that they cannot “play at revolution in a drawing room. . . . For a person to dabble in revolutionary methods he must be prepared to lose everything he possesses. The prosperous and well-to-do are therefore seldom revolutionaries, though individuals may play the fool in the eyes of the worldly wise and be dubbed traitors to their own class.” Nehru is such an individual.

Imprisoning powers always find it embarrassing to confine a man of Nehru's size and power. Therefore they try to buy him. At one point in his confinement his wife took sick and her condition became serious.

Nehru was allowed a temporary release to visit her—partly to soften him up for a proposition?

Suggestions were made to me through various intermediaries that if I could give an assurance, even an informal assurance, to keep away from politics for the rest of my term I would be released to attend on Kamala. Policies were far enough from my thoughts just then, and the politics I had seen during my eleven days outside had disgusted me, but to give an assurance! And to be disloyal to my pledges, to the cause, to my colleagues, to myself! It was an impossible condition, whatever happened. To do so meant inflicting a mortal injury on the roots of my being, on almost everything I held sacred. I was told that Kamala's condition was becoming worse and worse, and my presence by her side might make all the difference between life and death. Was my personal conceit and pride greater than my desire to give her this chance? It might have been a terrible predicament for me, but fortunately that dilemma did not face me in that way at least. I knew that Kamala herself would strongly disapprove of my giving any understanding, and, if I did anything of the kind, it would shock her and harm her.

Early in October I was taken to see her again. She was lying almost in a daze with a high temperature. She longed to have me by her, but, as I was leaving her, to go back to prison, she smiled at me bravely and beckoned to me to bend down. When I did so, she whispered, “What is this about your giving an assurance to Government? Do not give it!”

Very near the end of his original work, Nehru reflects on

The years I have spent in prison! Sitting alone, wrapped in my thoughts, how many seasons I have seen go by, following one another into oblivion! . . . How many yesterdays of my youth lie buried here. Sometimes I see the ghosts of these dead yesterdays rise up and whisper to me, “Was it worth while!” There is no hesitation about the answer. . . . My major decisions in public affairs would remain untouched. Indeed, I could not vary them, for they were stronger than myself, and a force beyond my control drove me to them.

* *Toward Freedom*, John Day Co., N. Y. 1941. All quotations from this edition.

Confidential Advice to Degree Candidates

(Continued from page 13)

of life is of little help when you find yourself involved in an academic festival.

The first thing to remember is that by definition and design, an Academic Convocation is Solemn: it is High Church, not Low Church, and is seldom evangelical. You are an actor in an ancient ritual and your behavior is prescribed by hoary tradition rather than your natural or acquired impulses. It is a sort of pantomime in which you have no lines to speak and, actually, not very much to do. You use your lower limbs only for ambulation, your left hand to hold your printed program, and your right arm only to bring your right hand into a convenient position to grasp your diploma, firmly but not greedily. The correct position for your head and eyes is straight ahead, and your upper lip should rest firmly and evenly against your lower lip throughout the ceremonies. It will help you to enact your role correctly if, after you are caparisoned as indicated in the first section of this essay, you will take the time to study closely your reflection in a full-length mirror and repeat to yourself ten times: "I must behave like this looks."

Avoid, after you find your place in the line, all unnecessary conversation, especially upon light or trivial topics. Keep your mind on your Business and keep your feet in step with your marching partner. When you enter the Auditorium, focus your eyes on the neck of the person ahead of you instead of letting them wander over the audience in search of family, siblings, fiancée, or casual acquaintances. Above all, if you see someone you know in the audience, do not wave your hands, emit sounds or dislodge your cap in your excitement. Just take it calmly. If the relationship between you and this person in the audience seems to you to require some sign of recognition on your part at that particular moment, flash a quick but unspectacular smile accompanied by a barely perceptible nod

of the head, then resume your contemplation of the neck just ahead of you. (After all, the academic ceremony doesn't last long and you have the rest of your life to demonstrate your appreciation of the person's coming to See You Graduate. On this occasion, it is *his* duty to spot you, not yours to find him. That is what he came for, and that is all he has to do. You have many, many things to keep in mind—particularly those things you should not do.)

Don't argue with the Marshal about the place assigned to you in the line. Maybe you'd prefer to walk in with Susan Gimble but, your name being Adam Abbott, you will simply have to accept Gwendolyn Aagard as your temporary partner. It is twenty-odd years too late to arrange for Susie to be your partner. You'd have had to arrange to be the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Washington Gipe. So just blame it on the alphabet and make the best of a situation which, as we have pointed out, is highly temporary.

Once you are in your assigned place in line, the rest comes easy: You Just Follow the Leader. You watch the person ahead of you and he watches the one ahead of him and so on up to the man at the head of the line, who is Marshal of your class, a trustworthy and sure-footed member of the Faculty who was likely marshaling candidates before you were born. If everybody follows him, there'll be no trouble—even if he should do something wrong, because if everybody does the wrong thing in the same way and simultaneously, the spectators will assume that's the way it was supposed to be done, and even veteran Faculty members will think, for the moment, that it must be some new wrinkle in academic procedure that your Marshal learned at Harvard last year. Anyhow, no one can blame *you* if you follow the leader, even when you privately suspect he doesn't know what he is doing.

The candidates enter the Audi-

torum two-and-two and seat themselves in alphabetical order as indicated by the lists of names printed in the program. If the printer didn't know his alphabet and placed Himes after Himstead instead of ahead of it, they are to follow the printed list because that's the order in which their diplomas are stacked.

When you rise with your Dean, and the President confers the degrees on your class en masse, you deftly move the tassel from the right to the left side of your cap (if it be the first degree you have received, ever), do a half face (that is, turn your body, which is facing west, one fourth way around a 360° circle so that it faces south), and move with the line to the south end of the row of seats in which you were sitting until you rose at the courteous request of your Dean. A Marshal will "feed you out" but that should not frighten you; it is the academic term for making certain that the candidate ahead of you has advanced four full steps toward the stage before you start down the aisle behind him. Try to keep this same interval between you and him (or her) until you have made the tour across the stage and back to your seat. (This will not be difficult if you will follow this simple rule: If you are too close on his heels, take shorter steps until the proper interval is restored; if you are too far behind, speed up a notch but *do not* hop, skip, or jump.) Note that along this portion of the journey you walk single file, i.e., without a marching partner.

When you reach the foot of the steps which ascend to the south end of the stage, another Marshal (who may be a perfect stranger to you but who, you may count upon it, Knows his Business) will "feed you up" (that is, he will, by gentle pressure of his right hand on your left elbow or biceps, indicate when you are to proceed onward and upward). When you reach the stage turn to your right and Remember that this is the Great Moment and that all eyes are focused on you—not just the eyes of those who love you but thousands of other

eyes that never saw you before and never expect to see you again. Walk with measured tread, preferably keeping time with the music (but this is not an absolute requirement), your eyes fixed on the gold tassel of the President's cap if it remains stationary long enough for you to spot the location; otherwise make the best impromptu guess you can where it ought to be and stare at that point. Spectators, not knowing exactly what you are doing (because they have not read this essay) will assume that you are meditating at this climax of your college career upon all the Great and/or Useful Things you learned here, as, in fact, we hope you will be doing. We know from long observation that if you follow this simple rule you will approach the President with an air of Academic Dignity and Scholarly Detachment that might otherwise be lacking.

When the candidate ahead of you takes his diploma, shift your gaze from the Presidential cap to the President's spectacles, part your lips slightly but not toothily to give the illusion of a pleasant smile, extend your *right* hand modestly (the purse, handkerchief, commencement program and all other impedimenta having previously been transferred to the left hand), and grasp your diploma firmly between fingers and thumb, at the same time inclining your head perceptibly forward in a sort of restrained bow to the Chief Executive of your Alma Mater; then move on. *Do not loiter or dilly-dally at this point.* (The older and rather pretty custom of female candidates executing a curtsy and male candidates bowing from the hips and clicking their heels has, unfortunately, fallen into disuse in this region and, with conditions what they are, this is not the time to try to revive it.)

From the President's spectacles now shift your gaze to the top of the cap of the Marshal standing north of the steps at the north end of the stage and move steadily but hurriedly in that specific direction. If this Marshal judges that you need assistance to descend the steps (which are steep and narrow and are bounded on the

south by the organ pit which is approximately six feet deep and floored with concrete, into which it would be not very pleasant but devilishly easy for you to tumble, high heels and new shoes being as tricky as they are and academic gowns being somewhat longer than most candidates customarily wear when descending stairs) —if he feels he ought to lend you a hand, he will. He will grasp you firmly by your left hand or elbow and you may lean on him as much as you need to until your feet reach the floor of the Auditorium. At this point, however, it is necessary for him to disengage his hand and accompany you no farther, for others will be waiting at the top of the steps for his expert assistance through what unquestionably is the most hazardous stretch of the academic journey. Like his colleagues who "fed you up" the south steps, this Marshal who "feeds you down" has the duty of seeing to it that a proper interval between you and the next person is maintained, in addition to the obvious one of looking after your personal safety.

Now your academic journey is almost over; the remainder of it presents no challenging problems. You Follow the Leader back to the seat you occupied before you went up to get your diploma (if you should find yourself in a different seat it makes no difference because you have already received your diploma and, if it could be arranged without confusion, you could go on and sit by Susie the rest of the program; but don't try it. You stay right behind the person in front of you, like we say). You remain standing until (1) your Dean resumes a sitting position, (2) the music stops, and (3) the person immediately in front of you sits. (These should take place simultaneously and frequently they do. If the synchronization is imperfect, remember to follow the infallible rule: Do exactly what the person in front of you does and do it at the same time he does it.)

At the conclusion of the degree ceremony there is a Recessional (literally A Passing Out). You should

rise at the first peal of the organ, face south and follow the person ahead of you into the aisle, then face east, fall in line and in step with the person next to you, who may or may not be the marching partner you had when you entered, (like we all time *tell* you, It Makes No Difference Now), and march (not run) out of the Auditorium with Dignity and Poise, keeping four paces behind the couple ahead of you, please.

Do not drop out of the line before you reach the place of original assembly. This will enable Your Folks to see the whole Procession as they leave the Auditorium, as it moves silently across and around the Quadrangle. Remember, they paid for your education and they had only an imperfect and partially obstructed view of the Procession inside the Auditorium. They will be Mightily Impressed, especially when they remember that one of those five hundred almost identical black robes covers You.

When you have been dismissed by your Marshal, you will have to decide for yourself whether you should divest yourself of academic regalia or continue to wear it throughout the festivities of the remainder of the evening. Bear in mind that this is the first important decision you have been called upon to make since receiving your Degree. Choose as becomes an Educated Man (or Woman). You have rented the regalia for twenty-four hours and if you want to get your money's worth you can. Before removing the gown, however, try hard to remember what you have on under it.

—From *The Southwest Review*, Southern Methodist University Press.



Engagement Doldrums

(Doldrums—"A part of the ocean near the equator, abounding in calms, squalls, and light baffling winds.")

By Ethel M. Nash, Marriage Counselor,
University of North Carolina

JOHN: You see before you a very disturbed young man. Mary and I have been dating steadily for a year. Three months ago I gave her a ring. Everything was fine until two weeks ago. Since then we've done nothing but quarrel. All the wonder and joy seems to have gone out of our relationship. I still love Mary, but I find that I don't understand her as I thought I did.

I met Mary first at a dance and liked her at once, more than any girl I had ever known. I asked for a date, and then for another. Everything about her seemed just right. Now, well, I find that she isn't the girl I thought she was. Before she always seemed to understand me so well. I have a habit of retreating into a rather cold shell when I'm bothered or upset. It doesn't take much to get me out of it and to me it has been proof of Mary's love that she would take the trouble to find a way of releasing me. These days she doesn't seem interested in helping me out of my shell. In fact she pushes me farther in.

Then too, until recently she would always choose me in preference to her family. Now she keeps saying that we have to consider her mother. That seems ridiculous to me as her mother snubs me every chance she gets. My family treats Mary nicely and always makes her welcome. Another sore point is that Mary has taken to worrying about my grades, and about whether I'm going to be a business success. This concern for the future isn't my idea of love.

Then there's this love-making difficulty. I decided that Mary and I would wait for each other until marriage, but petting sure gets a hold on a couple. Indeed just before we began to do all this squabbling it had become the main interest for both of us, the only thing we really wanted to do when we were together. I just don't understand what is happening to us.

Mary: When we first went together, everybody said what an ideal pair we were. We were so happy; everything seemed alive and full of joy; whenever we met it was a wonderful experience. It seemed as though we were meant for each other. Now, even if we don't quarrel I'm often plain bored. John calls for me and says:

"What shall we do tonight?"

Me: "Whatever you want."

John: "Whatever pleases you pleases me."

Me: "I don't care—you choose."

John: "I don't care—let's do what you want."

We end up by going to a movie, which neither of us wanted really, so we quarrel and then go back to the dorm. Why can't he have ideas about what we should do, as he used to before we were engaged? I'm worried about my family too. They don't think that John is good enough for me. Sometimes I wonder about it. He certainly is a tightwad about money. If his grades are an indication of his ability, I don't know whether he will be able to provide the kind of life I

want for my children. Yet—I'm almost sure I love him.

JOHN and Mary have reached a stage in their relationship which is not at all uncommon to engaged couples. Many couples, reared in the Cupid concept of love, think of the engagement period as a permanent state of effervescent, bubbling joy. When this disappears, to make way for a more significant stage in their love, they often misunderstand. They think, "We must have made a mistake." Actually, almost any long-enough-to-check readiness engagement will encounter this particular becalmment—it is the doldrums period, characterized by squalls and light baffling winds. Far from indicating catastrophe, this stage of semi-disillusionment should be considered a step toward new depths of mutual understanding.

Successful passage through the doldrums clearly demands courage and determination, foresight and forbearance, all qualities required for the building of a Christian marriage. John and Mary, when they realized this, began to take stock of themselves rather than of each other. John asked himself whether he really wanted a wife who would be the projected image of his own adolescent dreams of the perfect woman. A sad fate, surely, for any girl, just to measure up to someone else's teen-age dream. Impossible of realization anyway since Mary, like any other fiancée, is already a person in her own right, with her own successes, ideals and plans. No, John wanted Mary to be herself, even if living with her knocked the corners off some of his own ideas about himself. Why did he have to

retreat into a shell? To test love? Would Mary's love be proved by a willingness to let him thus retreat from difficulties whether of temperament or circumstance? Did he, at twenty-two, have to be coaxed into living in the real world? Along these lines John pondered.

Mary, too, began to look at her behavior towards John. This boredom on dates, well, maybe she could come up with some good ideas herself, especially since John was working at his studies harder than ever before. Maybe she did not need to be always the one who was looked out for, amused and made happy. Certainly John would need to be given every opportunity, both before and after marriage, to establish a position for them and their future family. The way in which her family's criticisms made her unable to see John's assets indicated, Mary realized, more about her liabilities than about John's. She was asking the impossible of him. She had wanted her family and relatives to see John as a kind of superman.

Thus John and Mary reasoned. Acceptance of their own personal limitations was a first stage toward maneuvering through the doldrums. The next step was an intellectual one: the recognition that a marriage partnership has to be founded on a "we" relationship. "My" family and "your" family have to become "our" families. Money has to become "our" money. Love-making has to be based on "our" values. Thus too with all the other elements that go to make up a life together.

Step three involved action. John and Mary set up a joint bank account and discovered that although it wasn't a rose-strewn path to work through to mutually accepted values about saving and spending, there was lots of creative fun to be had along the road, especially when it came to decisions about Christmas presents, church donations and new clothes. John, when he accepted Mary's mother as his mother too, found he could take her somewhat ill-natured taunts in stride. He saw them now as stemming mainly from fear of the

second birth that all mothers must face as their children move toward setting up their own families. When Mary saw John include her mother in their plans, while accepting, apparently unperturbed, her not too happily conceived remarks, she found a new respect for this man who could not be put to flight.

Together John and Mary began to find mutually acceptable ways of meeting the inevitable sex tensions of the engagement period. Instead of a one-sided decision about "limits" they began to set them together. Setting limits was only one part of the task however. The next essential was to use the limits constructively. John and Mary decided to try to find out through discussions and reading something of the significance of sexuality in terms of their Christian faith.

The general thesis behind this discussion of John and Mary and their passage through the doldrums is that in this day and age couples need to

see the engagement period as much more than a few months of last-minute planning, combined with bridal showers and stag parties. Christian marriage involves total commitment each to the other for a lifetime. As the marriage service says, it is a commitment not to be entered into lightly or unadvisedly, but soberly, reverently and in the sight of God. Such a commitment can only be realistically made after a period of preparation. Each needs to discover ways to create together a relationship that enhances previous values. Ideas about careers, parenthood, home owning, family responsibility, sex, money, church membership are but a few of the areas that can be explored. The doldrums experience, wisely used, seldom leads to a breakup. Rather it is a signal that the couple needs more information from reading, discussions and counseling so that self-understanding and "pair understanding" may grow in all areas.



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"Since the end of the semester has slipped up on us and we've only studied from this book, we're going to have to cover quite a bit before the finals."

God Speaking through the Bible

By Henry Koestline

Were some Gospels written which are not included in our New Testament?

Yes, the Gospel of Hebrews which has been lost; and there probably were other writings about Jesus' life and ministry because the author of the Gospel of Luke begins his book with the statement that many have written such accounts.

When was the Gospel of Luke written?

Luke was written soon after Matthew or about the same time. Dr. Goodspeed gives 90 A.D. as an approximate date.

Can God speak to us through the Bible?

Yes, he is doing this now through thousands of Christians around the world, perhaps millions. Of course, we do not deny that God can speak to us in other ways than through the Bible but we are saying that God does speak to people through the Bible and that he can speak to us in this way. Our prayers, which are conversations with God, are made real as they are related to reading the Bible. God also speaks to us through present-day events, if we have learned from the Bible the nature of his speech.

The trouble with most of us is that we do not come really expecting to hear and to receive—"be it unto you according to your faith." God speaks to us in prayer but we do not hear his voice simply by trying to make our minds blank and then expecting some mysterious communication to appear. A great deal of misunderstanding has come about from this method of seeking God's will. In fact, a blank mind frequently receives messages which certainly are not God's will. God speaks to us through the Bible not by words miraculously heard through the

ears of our minds. The depth of meaning which we understand in the words of the Bible, as we think about them, is God's message for us. This is the way God has appointed as the means of his self-communication. We know that God has spoken to us by the forceful convictions with which the biblical truth comes home to us. Our whole being responds with a deep "yes" to the word which God has spoken to us. It sounds like foolishness to those who are ignorant of Christ, but it is completely recognizable by those who are "in the Faith."

Sometimes we are tempted to stop saying our prayers because those vague but pleasant religious "feelings" which we enjoyed at some moment of more intense religious enthusiasm in our lives are no longer there, and we therefore imagine as a result that nothing is happening when we pray. We imagine that we are just talking to ourselves.

This may come about because we are not praying from the Bible. Our prayers should be a listening to what

God has to say to us through the Bible, otherwise we tend to become preoccupied with our own feelings and mental states, and this is fatal.

How then are we to pray from the Bible?

The answer is probably familiar. Enter into your closet or put aside a sufficient amount of time each day in a quiet place where you can devote yourself to the task. Keeping a morning watch may be the first step toward the discipline of our Christian life. One of the best ways to begin a period of Bible study is to offer quietly the prayers of the men who trusted in God and were content to wait for him. We may find some of these in Psalms 4, 19, 20, 27, 40, 61, 63, 86, 116, 119:97-112 and 143.

The attitude of the Bible reader is "I waited patiently for the Lord and he inclined unto me and heard my cry." (Psalm 40:1.) One of the things which will help us appreciate the value of the Bible today is the point of view with which we approach our Bible reading. What I mean is that if we believe, as we should, that the Bible is the record of how God works with men in particular situations, then we can believe that through it he can speak to us. It is true that the Bible reveals God as a God of action not just a God of high ideals and principles as do many religions of the world. God intervenes at special moments in the course of events, according to the Bible. The Bible was not written by men who had sat down to think out a new doctrine or idea of God; it was written by men who had participated in or observed epoch-making events.

The Unfolding Drama of the Bible is a new book by Bernhard W. Anderson. One reviewer says, "Anyone who reads this book in the quietness of his room or (better still) joins a group which will hash it over thoroughly, one section at a time, will never again lose his way in the Bible. He will be prepared to sit down at any time and read that amazing library of books we call the Bible—literature produced over a period of more than a thousand years but unified by its central character, God—and understand what it is getting at." This study guide is published by Association Press. Price: 50 cents.

THOMAS S. KEPLER INTRODUCES

Christian Perfection

By John Wesley

The *Journal* of John Wesley, May 25, 1738, contains these words:

In the evening I went to a house in Aldersgate Street (London), where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone for salvation; and an assurance was given me that he had taken away *my sins*, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin and death. I began to pray with all my might for those who had, in a more especial manner, despitefully used me, and persecuted me. I then testified openly to all there, what I now first felt in my heart.

This "conversion" experience was not only the beginning of the "new" John Wesley; it was the starting point of Methodism. Religious conditions in England in Wesley's time were characterized by spiritual indifference, empty churches, low morality and drunkenness, coldness and formality. While industrial and social unrest was electric among the masses, religion was not reaching out with an evangelism to the great numbers of the unchurched common people. It was the lower and middle classes of people whom John Wesley touched. Lecky the historian says that Wesley, by evangelizing the common people of eighteenth-century England, saved that country from a social revolution similar to the one in France.

John Wesley was one of nineteen children (eight of whom died in infancy) born to Samuel and Susanna Wesley; June 17, 1703, at Epworth, England, marks his birth date. He remembered the year 1709 when fire destroyed the Epworth rectory, how he was rescued as "a brand plucked out of the burning." In 1714 he entered Charterhouse School, London, where he established himself as an excellent student. In 1720 he enrolled at Christ Church College, Oxford. On September 19, 1725, he was ordained a deacon in the Church of England; on March 17, 1726, he was elected a Fellow

of Lincoln College, Oxford; and on September 22, 1728, he was ordained a priest.

Strict intellectual and spiritual discipline ever characterized the habits of John Wesley. He wrote over 200 books; he was the author or editor of more than 450 publications; his daily *Journal* kept from October 14, 1735, to October 24, 1790, gives a thorough account of the history of England as well as an invaluable description of his own experiences. John Wesley knew ten languages; he traveled about 5,000 miles a year on horseback, reading as he rode, to preach to crowds in his itinerant ministry; he preached about 42,000 times during his lifetime, an average of three sermons a day, many of which were to the working people early in the morning before they began their daily work.

John Wesley preached his last sermon on February 23, 1791, at Leatherhead, England; he wrote his last letter the next day to Wilberforce, encouraging him to carry on his crusade against slavery; on March 2 he died at City Road, where a week later he was buried. His eighty-eight years had been well spent in Christian service!

While the *Journal* of John Wesley is his *magnum opus*, and his sermons and letters form immense publications, the devotional classic of his pen is *A Plain Account of Christian Perfection* (usually referred to as *Christian Perfection*). Completed in 1777, it describes what John Wesley believed and taught about this doctrine from 1725 to 1777. The first edition of this book was revised, edited, and somewhat changed over the course of more than fifty years; yet at the heart of his thinking the essence of this doctrine remained quite constant; and as the doctrine appeared in 1777, it is without question the essential view that he retained until his death in 1791. While his thinking about "Christian perfection" was greatly influenced by *The Imitation of Christ* (edited by Thomas à Kempis), *Rule and Exercises of Holy Living and Holy Dying* (by Jeremy Taylor), *A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life* (by William Law), a study of the Bible and

his own experience of God were basic in his development of the doctrine; the influence of his mother Susanna Wesley also left deep imprint in his thoughts.

In summarizing the doctrine of Christian perfection in 1764, he said: "There is such a thing as Christian perfection. . . . It is not so early as justification. . . . It is not so late as death. . . . It is not absolute. . . . It does not make a man infallible. . . . It is salvation from sin. . . . It is perfect love. . . . It is improvable. . . . It is capable of being lost. . . . It is constantly both preceded and followed by a gradual work. . . . An instantaneous change has been wrought in some believers."

One of the most difficult problems for modern religious thought to ponder is the nature of man and his perfectibility. Some aspects of Christian theology, associated with neo-orthodoxy, have overemphasized the corruption of human nature and the incapacity of man to improve either himself or the world in which he lives. At a recent ecumenical conference a European churchman, affected by this theological viewpoint, made this remark: "If the Kingdom of God is ever to come into history, there is not a single thing which man can do about it. It will be entirely a gift of God." Others who are affected by naturalistic thinking, associated with scientific humanism, feel that man alone is responsible for the improvement of himself and society; "God" is only *humanity* writ large.

For both of these religious groups John Wesley's idea of Christian perfection is a good corrective. Rebelling against the Calvinism of his day with its note of predestination and the corruption of man, John Wesley stressed an Arminian viewpoint in which man is a free moral agent capable of accepting or resisting the grace of God. The Arminian view of Wesley held that those "who are ready for the conflict, and desire His (Christ's) help, and are inactive," will be saved from falling. Unlike the scientific humanists of today, who center the hope of personal and social salvation entirely in man himself, John Wesley viewed the grace of God as a power active in the lives of those who are saved by faith in Christ. Through the cooperative quest of faithful man with a God of grace, Christian perfection is a possibility.

Jesus said to his first followers, "you must be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect." John Wesley's devotional classic, *Christian Perfection*, attempts to interpret this admonition in terms of man's growing experience of God.

—Excerpts from the introduction to *Christian Perfection* by John Wesley, edited with an introduction by Thomas S. Kepler, to be published soon by World Publishing Company, \$1.50.

THE American intellectual during the last fifteen years has found himself in an equivocal position. Being by nature a nonconformist, in the twenties he expressed his liberalism by baiting the bourgeois and ridiculing the platitudes and practices of Babbitt. In the 1930's he flirted, in idealistic daydreams and sometimes more active demonstrations, with the socialist and communist fronts.

When Hitler led the fascist challenge of liberalism and Mussolini was recognized as being of the same stripe, the liberals were almost one in their attack upon those who threatened human freedom and decency. But because their liberalism was based upon a Rousseauian belief about the innate goodness of men, they were quite unprepared for the treasonable activities that went on in their midst and so, even while embroiled in their progressive and unbourgeois front, in their common antifascist resistance they were betrayed by the totalitarians they had taken to their own bosom, imagining them to be liberals.

As a result, the intellectuals have erected a defense which sponsors a series of stereotypes of liberalism, but actually steps solidly where Babbitt himself did step. Only the new Babbitry is arty and obscure, where the prototype was blatant and vulgar. It is basically, however, the same difference.

Peter Viereck has been attacking the new Babbitry of the intellectuals with vigorous vignettes in a variety of American journals. The particular targets have been the cliché-loving leftists and the obscurantist poets. In *Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals* (The Beacon Press, \$4), many of the potshots taken by Viereck are gathered together with some basic chapters added in which he defines the new conservatism and the values upon which he feels the glory of the intellectuals can be resurrected from their current shame, even as the glorious struggle of the intellectuals was carried on against the tyranny of fascism in the 30's and early 40's.

As is usually true with a clever and excited man, Viereck is both provocative and provoking; but I find myself more often agreeing than taking issue with his argument. It does seem to me that Viereck is absolutely right in protesting the current intellectual stereotypes which scoff at values, indulge in moral perversion and rejoice in the superficial. The silliest romanticism of all is the supercilious obscurantism of many of today's intellectual cults.

What Viereck has to say concerning the intellectuals and religion should give some pause to the rejoicing at this interest that has been expressed in some quar-

The American Intellectual

ters. There is a lot of "parlor God today" in intellectual circles which is more of a kind of ear-to-the-ground parroting of what they think is chic than any solid conversion and response to the gospel.

An exciting and spirited volume!

Viereck, one of the most excellent of the poets writing today, contends that "modernist poetry is a snore and an allusion." He does not say what he thinks about Archibald MacLeish. As I, however, review some of the familiar poems that I have long admired written by Mr. MacLeish and find some new ones I have never read in *Collected Poems 1917-1952* (Houghton Mifflin Co., \$4), I find many fascinating allusions but no temptation to go to sleep. I will never forget the thrill of reading "America Was Promises" over a decade ago and having just read "The Trojan Horse," I am stirred all over again. Mr. MacLeish is a man who has taken sides, who has found himself sometimes in embarrassing and compromising situations but who has vigorously asserted his right to make responsible choices, his ability to defend them and his conviction that he must work toward the establishment of his ideals.

It is to the glory of the intellectuals that Archibald MacLeish, who has been an assistant Secretary of State, the Librarian of Congress, a journalist, a dramatist and an editor is numbered as of their coterie. He has not sealed himself from society where he can, to the delighted tittering of his compatriots, make supercilious remarks but he has embroiled himself in the situations which are the paramount concern of contemporary man.

The *Collected Poems 1917-1952* of Archibald MacLeish belong, not only on the shelves of those who are interested in words and rhythms, allusions and analogies, but to those who want to understand the times, who are willing to give thought to the solemn issues of our age.

J. P. Marquand is not so self-consciously "intellectual" as either Viereck or MacLeish but he is certainly a significant figure in the intellectual climate of our time. It has been inevitable probably that someone should attempt to Marquand Marquand, and it has been tried by Phillip Hamburger with his portrait in the form of a novel, *J. P. Marquand, Esquire* (Houghton Mifflin Co., \$2).

Mr. Hamburger in this piece of literary analysis has skillfully imitated the writing and approach of Mr. Marquand to the East-shore middlebrows he portrays in his novels. There is the detached kind

of reminiscing typical of Marquand's characters, the urbane and slightly ironical self-analysis, the fortuitous phrase and the muffled laugh we have expected of one of our great contemporary writers; but somehow this literary criticism in the form of a novel does not quite come off.

NEARLY three quarters of a century ago, 1880 to be exact, a Brazilian writer named Machado De Assis published a work which has only recently been translated and made available to the American reading public, *Epitaph of a Small Winner* (Noonday Press, \$3.50).

One immediately thinks of Laurence Sterne and recognizes the fierce tones of Jonathan Swift. But this novel of a man haunting the allusions of other men stands on its own; it punctures the mundane; it shows not only a lack of confidence in the innate goodness of men, but goes to the opposite extreme and rejects all of man's doings and his environment.

Reportedly written from the other side of the grave, the "hero" feels that he's a little bit better off than simply an even quits with life—he left no progeny, therefore passed on none of humanity's misery to another. While the despair and anguish of pessimism are not typical of Christianity, the Christian apologist must occasionally call upon it as a counterpoint to the sentimentalized and vapid optimism which makes a travesty of the real meaning of Christian hope. In fact, the Christian must sometime face up to the sense of the individual in his aloneness without recourse to his physical or his human environment to sustain him.

Another Latin writer, Alejandro Tapia y Rivera, a nineteenth-century Puerto Rican, has also had a representative *novella* recently translated, *Enardo and Rosael* (Philosophical Library, \$2.75). This little allegorical tale of the angel who asked to leave heaven in order that it could bring a mortal to heaven by its love is a curious piece of writing and not important. Allegory is a rather difficult medium and Tapia not a master of it; it leaves the reader to speculate, and knowing that what he reads is allegorical his speculation may take a rather fantastic turn, and I suspect that it is unfair for the author to provide the key. Even so, there are magnificent allegories such as *Pilgrim's Progress*. This little tale is many steps below, nice to read but if it is profound, I missed the point.

—ROGER ORTMAYER

THE CURRENT SCENE

H. D. Bollinger, executive of the Methodist student work, has just visited Korea. He makes his first report:

Korea was occupied by Japan from 1909-1945, a total of thirty-six years. From 1945-1950 they briefly enjoyed a measure of recovery and independence. The North Koreans invaded south of the 38th parallel June 25, 1950. Two days later, June 27, Seoul fell into the hands of the communists. It was regained by the United Nations forces September 27, 1950, principally by the work of the United States 7th Division. January 4, 1951, Seoul fell again into the hands of the communists and was regained by the United Nations forces March 21, 1951. Seoul is normally a city of two million inhabitants and March 21, 1951, there were only one thousand civilians left. The city was 75 per cent destroyed. Before the war, Korea had a population of thirty million and because of death and capture there has probably been a decrease of five million. Of the remaining twenty-five million probably twenty-one million are south of the 38th parallel.

The following are some impressions that I have of the situation in Korea:

- 1 - Our missionaries are terribly overworked. In addition to their regular duties, they are handling relief, caring for thousands of individual emergency cases, and everywhere they look they see the devastation of war.
- 2 - We are in need of more missionaries in Korea. A medical doctor is desperately needed as is also a trained social worker. The Methodist Church does not have a medical missionary in Korea now.
- 3 - One of the tragedies of war is that little children are made to suffer. I saw the children amputees of one hospital, and in one case saw a little boy minus both arms, both legs and blind.
- 4 - The situation in Korea is black, desperate and dark. Picture to yourself war devastation, low morals, overcrowded conditions, confusion - and you have it.
- 5 - Probably the worst thing is the way so many women have sold themselves into immorality. In this way they attempt to get food and security.
- 6 - The Korean people are discouraged, war weary and unable to think clearly. A military defeat means communism, a stalemate means more of what they have and a victory means (when the United States pulls out) that in their weakened condition they will once more very likely become the victims of either China or Japan.
- 7 - The Korean people, in the face of all this, are most courageous and brave. Normally they are a happy people, and spartan courage is almost to them a national characteristic.
- 8 - Christ is the hope for Korea. One of the chaplains said to me, "Christianity is the one factor in Korea that is constructive. All else including the military is destructive." I spoke to two thirds of the ministers and laymen of The Methodist Church in the Seoul area, and I found them sad but courageous and carrying on the work of the Church.
- 9 - I agree with Dr. W. E. Shaw, one of our missionaries, that only one or more of God's miracles can make the situation better.

"Give Me Certainty!"

SEARCHER: I want a moment, just a moment, when all will be in its place.

PROFESSOR: An instant of illumination?

SEARCHER: That's it! . . . The time of ecstasy, that second when I will know, will be absolutely certain.

PROFESSOR: You want the correct answer, with no quibbling about it?

SEARCHER: During that instant I wish to have perfect confidence, no reservations. Living through that moment, I can come back to all the uncertainties and questionings. But I can always say, There was a time when I knew.

PROFESSOR: I'm a little skeptical about your search. For one instant, in time, during this transient journey we take together, you apparently want to be God.

SEARCHER: Oh, no. I do not want to be God, nor to emulate him. I really am rather humble in my request. I just want to know.

PROFESSOR: But you keep saying "I" and you put no limits to your knowledge. You desire perfect confidence that the answers you have are the correct ones. An ego that aspires to all the answers obviously wants to be God.

SEARCHER: Why bother at all, why be a student, if I cannot aspire to all knowledge?

PROFESSOR: If for no other reason, to learn that you are not to learn

all. Really, I think the task of being a student is much less a matter of answers than a discovery of what questions you do not ask.

SEARCHER: Why, you sound as what we are all to dread—an obscurantist!

PROFESSOR: No, I don't believe I am that. But neither do I aspire to be a tyrant.

SEARCHER: A professor a tyrant?

PROFESSOR: Certainly. In fact, a magnetic teacher can command in a manner impossible to a Genghis Khan, or even a Malenkov, although Malenkov comes closer to it than the old-fashioned tyrants. The point is that he who can take possession and dominate minds and souls cannot be matched by the despot who can only grab things such as bodies and possessions.

SEARCHER: I'm not asking to be dominated. All I want is that I shall know, if only for a second.

PROFESSOR: Do you imagine you can know for even a part of a second and resist the authority the knowledge would give you?

SEARCHER: I might suffer the fate of Cassandra.

PROFESSOR: Students are more gullible today. They will believe you, especially if you call your knowledge a science. And, presuming you actually do know, you might as well call it a science, even if the knowledge did come to you as illumination and not experiment.

SEARCHER: You so complicate my little request. I do not want to be

Malenkov nor Cassandra, not to wash men's minds and inquire into the future. I only want confidence, and one little sign that will be its token.

PROFESSOR: I must insist that without aspiring to be God you can't know. But confidence—yes. To know more than you ought is to tempt God. But to have trust in him who does know is a different matter.

SEARCHER: And never have the satisfaction of knowing? There will always be a gnawing at my inwards . . . a feeling of something missing. Only to know can satisfy that craving.

PROFESSOR: And once you know, you would be forever damned.

SEARCHER: A peculiar kind of teacher!
PROFESSOR: That's a statement and does not require an answer.

SEARCHER: A medievalist! You put limits to man's knowledge.

PROFESSOR: I did not put them. I only know for sure that I do not know for sure.

SEARCHER: A relativist!

PROFESSOR: Those are fighting words, Son. I am precarious and fallible as a man in what I know. But there are absolutes and there is God. The point is that I cannot know absolutes absolutely. Only God does that.

SEARCHER: How can you be certain of anything?

PROFESSOR: By trusting God.

SEARCHER: You are begging the question.

PROFESSOR: Which is the only role in which you can come to God—or to certainty.

Editorial